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## THE SPANIARD AT HOME.

The oldest, purest (in blood!) and proudest aristocracy of Europe is by a singular anomaly of Spanish character the most democratic. When the Revolution devised its illusive rule of equality, which is nowhere, hardly even in aristocratic England, more conspicuously absent than in modern France; when America, assisted by the ever-admirable Washington, proclaimed itself a free Republic, and travestied freedom as no constitutional monarchy of Europe to-day would dare to tyrannize—neither could, in its most Utopian dream, have conceived a casual outward equality more delightful than that which exists beyond the Pyrenees between seigneur and peasant, between master and servant, between prince and people, between shopkeeper and customer. Here Anglo-Saxon servility and cringing curtsy are unknown, uncomprehended. When the Infanta Isabel goes up to La Granja of Segovia to hunt, the villagers greet her gleefully: "Here's our Isabel. Good-day to thee, Isabel." No "princess" or "highness" or the obsequiousness of the serf. Merely a doff of sombrero from village lout to his sovereign lady; a smiling display of two brilliant rows of teeth and the familiar hand salutation of Spain from his mate, who greets the Infanta as one of her own sex whom she is charmed to see again. So when the Infanta Paz (unlike masculine, original, high-toned Princess Isabel, who rides like a man, smokes huge *puras*, and is as generous

and intelligent as she is loud and virile), a gentle, feminine creature, rather of German legend than of heroic *romancero*, goes to drink Spanish waters or freshen drooping spirits along a Spanish shore: "How art thou, Paz? the eye is refreshed by sight of thee." The Princess Eulalia, with her golden hair and youthful gayety, her schoolgirl abhorrence of etiquette, her innocent *frédaines*, is a pleasing representative to them of eternal youth. I was at Teneriffe when, on her way to Chicago, she stopped at the Canaries. "Good-day to thee, little one," shouted the peasant women. "A happy voyage and a happy return." The princess bowed in the homeliest, brightest way, and I noticed that whenever the "little one" was shouted emphatically, she waved her hand as well.

A duchess enters a shop. Do you imagine she will be more courteously received than a little milliner? Not at all. For both are instantly made at home, and treated to the *hidalgo's* finest manner. The one as well as the other will take a seat and lean across the counter, playing with fan and eyes and lip, in the same roguish intent to get the most for their money. The difference will be to the advantage of the little milliner, for the shopkeeper will ask the duchess a higher price, and that is all. And do you imagine there will be a pin to choose between the graceful familiarity, the amiable attitudes of the duchess and the milliner?

None, except such as mark the value of breeding. The one will be common, arch and pouting as befits her class, accustomed to win its way with grosser methods; the other will be the great lady quite unconsciously, with just those pretty distinctions of race and tradition that please and do not offend. For she is too simple, too democratic in the best sense of the word, to condescend. She does not regard the shopkeeper as her inferior because he has no social existence for her, and does not traverse her *salons* in evening suit and white tie. He finds his diversion elsewhere and has other interests than hers. Meanwhile, he is entitled to the same courtesy as her equals, and she has not the smallest objection to pay him in full the measure of consideration he tacitly claims. He may even discuss his family affairs with her, and be sure of a humane listener. If his daughter is dying of consumption, she will be immensely grieved in his presence, and forget all about it in less than five minutes. In this she is not personally to blame, for an incurable colossal selfishness is the most notable characteristic of the entire race. And while her expressive and mendacious eyes are filled with pity for him, she will remember to argue and bargain, just as she did a while ago in exchanging agreeable pleasantries, for all the world like the little milliner. But she will never be the less a duchess because she and the shopkeeper are on the best of terms. Her unconsciousness of her rank in everyday relations, which would stupefy an English duchess, comes from the fact that she belongs to a prouder race. Had she a mind to sport her coronet in a shop, the owner and his attendants would speedily make short work of her decorative dignity. To them it would simply mean an underbred and foolish exhibition, for *side*, impertinence and vulgar haughtiness are not defects

the Spaniards will tolerate. This explains their inherent and incorrigible dislike of the Anglo-Saxon. You must in Spain accept the general recognition of human dignity; though you may be in never so violent a hurry, you must yield to the servitude of form, and waste precious time in convincing your fellow-man, whose hand may even be extended to you in beggary, that you regard him as no less a gentleman than yourself. Else are you not "*muy cumplido, muy formal*," but a mere foreign lout.

In a race in decay, the question of blood runs down among the lowest. In Ireland every grocer and bootblack imagines himself descended from a king, and in Spain the glover and the haberdasher may also be descended from a Gothic sovereign. The man the English tourist insultingly addresses as "fellow" is possibly clothed in the imaginary glory of some such remote ancestor as Wamba or Childe Pelayo. I have known a Catalan shopkeeper who pointed to the portraits of Bourbon sovereigns, saying, "*Papa y Mama Borbon*." He meant that he was the son of the House of Bourbon, but the relationship remains obscure and unexplained to this day. What matter? He royally struts his shop, folds himself outside in the cloak of regret and remembrance, and romantically apostrophizes the shades of *Papa y Mama Borbon*, unaware that there is anything preposterous or ridiculous in his attitude. Princess and duchess, duke and lord, are his equals, though they enter his shop to purchase a pair of gloves or a yard of ribbon.

While the Spanish nobility do not, as in England, concern themselves in the least with the improvement, the moral training and sanitary arrangements of their dependents—are, instead, culpably indifferent to all that touches upon their comfort—they are

considerably nearer their servants and their peasantry than any other aristocracy. In the most imposing palaces you will find servants swarming at night in villanous airless boxes accepted as rooms, often without a window, always without a fireplace. The servants never dream of complaining. The race is, from sovereign to beggar, a stoical and long-suffering one. Its standard of comfort is so low that to go without fuel in winter and without air in summer is no reasonable claim to martyrdom. On the other hand, both servants and peasantry find their masters human beings like themselves, whom they may address at ease, whom at all hours they may greet in a tone of cheerful equality. I have heard a marquis, whose guest I was, exclaim at lunch: "*Tiens!* I was in the trams this morning, and when I offered to pay, the conductor corrected me, 'The señor is already paid for.' I looked around in amazement, and behold there was Manuel [his valet] on the platform smiling and nodding to me." Manuel the valet, being the first to respond to the conductor's call for coppers, paid for his master, whom he discovered to be seated within. I travelled on a Spanish transatlantic liner. There was a duke and his valet on board. The valet, like his master, travelled first-class, talked at table, offered *entrées* or cigarettes, with the easy air of a grandee. Neither the duke nor the valet expected or received a different treatment. When Spanish noblewomen travel with their maids on sea, the *rôles* are reversed. The maid, as far as I have observed, is an expense not justified by any rational return. Indeed, coming from Teneriffe to Cadiz, I have seen an unhappy colonel returning to the Peninsula with a sick wife and several small children, accompanied by servants of both sexes, obliged to rise at dawn to heat milk on a spirit-lamp for

the youngest baby, and to act all day the part of maid to his sick wife and nurse-maid to the children, while the servants lay in the cabin or about the deck moaning and clamoring to die. The colonel looked just as sea-sick and miserable, but he it was who had to do the work. Do you think he complained, or that the servants thanked him? Before leaving the question of servants, I should say that, though the Spanish servants are paid less than in England or France, and are abominably housed, their lot is a happier one than ours enjoy. The standard of civilization in their regard is as low as it can possibly be, removed by scarce a step from that of the middle ages. But they have an individuality for their masters. If they are sick, duke or duchess will visit and help to nurse them. They are not called by their surnames, and their feelings are never wounded. Once at table, when a great family was spoken of, and wonder was expressed as to whether they had or not returned from the seaside, I heard the head-butler, offering at that moment a dish to the marchioness, my hostess, remark, "They have returned, for I saw the countess yesterday afternoon driving with La Marietta." Marietta was the eldest married daughter, the wife of an illustrious noble of Castile. Nobody seemed to mind. Coming down to dinner in a new silk blouse, the under-butler of the same house once greeted me quite contentedly: "Ah, what a pretty color? That blouse admirably suits the señorita. It pleases me greatly." Some of the newly made nobles are introducing British formality, and insist that the servants shall say Master This and Miss That; but this insistence on European etiquette at once marks them off as *parvenus*. At these houses, when you call, you are received as in Paris or London, by correct and inane automata, whose

physiognomies and voices you never remember. But the servants of the great old houses smile, acquaint you with the fact that they are glad to see you, and when they hear that you are well, they cry out vivaciously, "*Mi alegra mucho.*" If you happen to be ailing, they will offer advice and voluble sympathy. These are never to the visitor the servant of So-and-so, but Joachim, Manuel, Teresa or Madalena.

This is the sympathetic side of Spanish aristocratic character; the absence of pose, of snobbishness; the complete and dignified simplicity, the pleasant sense of equality in mere personal relations it exhales, and above all a pretty and indestructible personal kindliness of manner and action—only surface-deep, it is true, but most captivating as far as it goes. I have known a marchioness send to one of her tenantry, an obscure and exceedingly common little teacher of English, on her saint's day, a magnificent bouquet and a dish of ice-cream. This English old maid was quite the poorest of her tenants, and for that reason the marchioness singled her out for all sorts of pretty attentions she never dreamed of bestowing on her wealthy tenants, without knowing her or caring in the least for her. For in Spain poverty is no blighting disgrace, and wealth is no glory.

Turning to the other side, it must be admitted that a drearier, an emptier, a less intelligent form of humanity does not exist on the face of the world than the Spanish aristocracy. Which half is the worse, male or female, it would be difficult to pronounce. Dress, gossip, and, while young, love, are the pre-occupations of both. Wives doing nothing, asking nothing but attractive raiment out of doors and plenty of gossip within, have on the whole an easy time, for Spanish husbands are the least exacting of their kind. Whether

faithful or not, they are, as a universal rule, tender, devoted, wonderfully patient and gentle in the face of hysterics, scenes and injustice. Indeed, this mild indignation is the keynote of national character, both in public and in private life. The higher you go, the more remarkable it becomes. I have seen a Spanish son, the head of his house, the father of a family, and the bearer of a great historic name, endure such injustice at the hands of a capricious mother uncomplainingly as left me staggered. And always imperceptibly respectful and tender. He might blanch with wounded pride and affection, but never a protest, never the least diminution of filial deference. He claimed no authority along with the titles that came to him on his father's death. Once speaking to me of some reform he projected, he said quite simply, "That will be later, when I am master." It did not occur to him that the bearer of the family title, over thirty, was entitled to a voice in family matters, and that filial deference should stop short of complete effacement before maternal despotism.

The Spanish mother of all classes possesses a virtue I cannot sufficiently laud as a woman. It is rare that her preference is not given to her girls. I have known numbers of Spaniards, nobles and *bourgeois*, and the mother's favorite has always been a girl. One young countess, the mother of two of the loveliest little boys I have ever seen, and the most exquisitely bred, confided to me last summer the fact that she expected a third child, and *intended* it should be a girl. "I didn't intend hard enough the other times, and so Juan and Luis came; but this time I think of nothing else; all the baby's linen is embroidered already with the name of Agnes. I have told my babies that a little sister will come soon, and every day they ask me several times have I heard word of Agnes,



and when she is coming. I have decided it is all a question of will, and so I am concentrating my whole powers of mind and will upon this little girl I long for." Six months later I receive news that Agnes is born, and the house cast into the tumultuous joy that usually greets the birth of an heir. Spanish mothers have an adoration for one of their daughters that surpasses the jealousy of any British mother for her son. She must marry her—well, because it is the girl's accepted fate; but what difficulties! what dislike and distrust of the son-in-law! what maneuvers to keep the girl in maternal bondage! If tradition and nature did not intervene, along with the human instinct of maternal pride—which desires, all in loathing, the proof of dis-cernment of the jewels' value in some base masculine brigand—many Spanish girls would find it hard to marry. As it is, I know one mother, one of the greatest ladies of Spain (I may perhaps call her the third lady of the realm), whose behavior to all the aspiring grooms of her only daughter, a fabulous heiress for Spain, resembles that of the ogre of fairy tale, who forces the amorous prince through unimaginable paces, in the secret hopes of discouraging him. I am glad to receive news from Madrid that the latest adventurer in the field of sorrow has stood to his colors, and, as the hero of fairy tale, is like to come out triumphantly to the tune of Mendelssohn's Wedding March in the church of St. Francis (for there is no cathedral in Madrid) in all the promise of lace and orange blossom. But what modern betrothed of Paris and London without the romantic strain would endure such proof of fortitude and faith as that poor young Spanish nobleman daily endures for the privilege of overcoming maternal jealousy! I would not be a Spanish girl for my mind's sake, for my life's

sake, for such an existence is intolerable to the average civilized and thinking being; but if I were content with the wadded atmosphere of the pussy cat or the pet canary, not free to live or think for myself, but smothered in satin cushions and caresses, fed upon the sweets of life, then would I choose to be an over-loved Spanish girl, the captive of home and parents, the spoiled idiot of humanity.

The singular thing about these pampered girls, whose parents are their slaves to an extent no British father or mother could ever conceive, and who, as a rule, repay their devotion and abnegation with the usual ingratitude and selfishness that mark the race, is that once they marry they in turn become as absorbed as their neglected parents in maternal love, and pay back quite cheerfully to their own child the love which they themselves took for granted without a word of thanks or an act of recognition. Of the most thankless of daughters are fashioned the most passionate of mothers. When one studies the problem elsewhere, and sees the unmerited misery of the daughters in Ireland, the coldness, inhumanity and selfishness of the Irish mother to her girls of every class, the monstrous way in which the girls are sacrificed to their brothers, left without education that these may play the gentleman, deprived of the enjoyments and pretty fripperies of girlhood, the money that might have helped to establish them squandered by the most heartless and least sacrificing of parents on the face of the earth, and nothing left the unfortunate girls but penury and struggle and the dull old maidenhood of dull and narrow Irish towns and villages, one is forced by sympathy to greet the excessive devotion of the Spanish mothers and lamentable spoiling of the Spanish daughters with indulgence. The years of youth are brief,

and, after all, the parents are not altogether unselfish; they too find their profit and pleasure in their abnegation and tenderness. What matter if the unborn reap the full benefit? The sad part of the system is that in both periods the intelligence is left uncultivated.

Borrow expresses an unmitigated contempt for the Spanish nobility. But he should have taken into consideration its redeeming features. I admit that these are inadequate, just as are the virtues of the entire race. The war shows us the imperishable quality of their valor and their incurable inefficiency. The daily life of any Spanish nobleman will furnish abundant proof of both. I have known a young titled idiot, with less brains than a linnet, who spent his days at home in a rocking-chair, abroad in club or theatre or at the Plaza de Toros, who only lived upon the mediocre resources of provincial pleasures, conduct himself like a hero in the terrors of anarchy at Barcelona. He was aware that the bombs were specially directed at him, as one of the foremost of the gilded youth; and wherever there was a post of prominent danger he claimed it, trod his way gallantly through dynamite, unblanched and haughty, and was one of the finest and coolest figures in the frightful Liceo catastrophe. Who can sneer at a race that produces idiots of this quality? Yet in his undecorative hours the fellow is completely insupportable, of a grossness and vapidness of conversation to abash and awe the uncleanest stage of Continental youth. It is true, in the matter of unclean talk, the Catalans bear a special reputation in the Peninsula—and here the men do not wait for the departure of the women from the dinner-table, but utter remarks and pleasantries in their presence to stupefy even a reader saturated with the excesses in this form of wit of the

classical literature of Europe. The famous *esprit gaulois*, whose modern voice is M. Armand Silvestre, finds its affinity in these gross Catalans, with their deep strain of Provençal blood, so different from the rest of Spain, and so fundamentally antipathetic to Castilian character.

Nothing proves this difference more (and here are we fronted with the danger of fast-and-loose pronouncement, since grosser Catalonia can furnish a higher level in public taste than high-bred Castile) than the place the bull-fights play in the aristocratic society of both races. In Catalonia only fast and common women go to the Toros. The men of all ranks, of course, go; but you will find Catalan males who describe the amusement as barbarous and degrading. I have known Catalonians bitterly resent the late king's brutal passion for the sport, and accuse him of having retarded by half a century the progress of Spain. Whereas in Castile the passion is shared by the duchess as well as the *chula*, by duke and barber. Walk through the park any Sunday after Easter, and you will see carriage after carriage roll by from the blood-stained Plaza, full of titled ladies in brilliant attire. What is "bad form" in Barcelona, for the women of social standing, in Madrid is the height of enviable glory. Is not the Princess Isabel an enraged lover of the sport? In a conscientious desire to judge the national entertainment with full experience, I have sat out two bull-fights to the bitter and sanguinary end. I think, if possible, I was more impressed with the horror of it on the second occasion than on the first. Then I was too stunned and stupefied by the atmosphere of blood and noise and blinding light and shocking pain to realize the full infamy of it. But the second trial remains upon memory a still vividder sensation of horror. It was a lovely

spring day. Without, along the bright Alcalá, adown the delicious Castellana and Prado, aflush in purple blossom, all was happiness, vivacity, gayety and brilliance. Through the open windows of the amphitheatre you looked across from city noise and glitter to the still sadness of the brown Guadarrama, mantled above in radiant snow. The animation within was captivating; never have I seen anything to equal it elsewhere. The emptiest visage was vivid with speech; alert, smiling, a perfect flood of light gathered in each dark glance. Ladies of court and fashion, whose devotion in sick-rooms is proverbial, were there in the white-lace mantilla of etiquette, with red flowers above the ear. Our modern life elsewhere can show no more picturesque scene. And all this for the shedding of innocent blood, for the torture of helpless animals. As I watched the play of the ruffianly *toreros* and the abominable blood-spattered *picadores*, I recognized but one gentleman in the arena, the ill-treated bull, and the horses seemed to me as worthy of admiration and pity as the Christian martyrs. Honestly I should have rejoiced to see the bulls and the horses not only mangle and maul their provokers, but charge victoriously for the animated multitude. Yet women around me, emblems of the social refinement of their race, clapped vigorously; and when one poor horse went mad from pain and tore wildly around the arena, they clapped still more, laughing at the humorous sight till the tears came to their eyes, and shouting "*Esta loco! esta loco!*" When I feel disposed to weep for Cavite and Santiago, I remember that appalling scene, and tell myself that if the Spaniards can bear suffering splendidly, they can witness suffering still more callously, and I feel that the wrongs of generations and generations of dumb brutes are being justly avenged.

The most melancholy looking of races is the least capable of sadness, just as, being the most distinguished in tradition, it is the least polite. Every second pair of eyes tell with impressive eloquence the tale of a broken heart, of inconsolable regrets, of fatal memories. In the field of emotions you may be certain that the owners of these sombre glances have never penetrated beyond the facile and animal loves of Spain, the chances of the lottery, the fugitive animosities of club and Plaza, and the brute excitement of the Toros. With an engaging candor and simplicity, they have reduced life to its rudimentary elements: talk, food, sleep, love, dance and laughter. The esthetic, the moral, the meditative side is suppressed. Art, except that of the stage and the Plaza de Toros, is regarded with uncomprehending and empty disdain. The aristocracy reads even less than the *bourgeoisie*. Indeed, there is nothing a Spanish woman abhors more than a book. The futility of literature was never more apparent to the wisdom of Solomon. Her hatred takes an aggressive form, for a book in the hands of another is resented as a personal affront, and serious and ingenious are her efforts to cure misguided persons of this unhappy passion. She mysteriously connects a book with the loss of your immortal soul, and supposes heaven to be the Elysium of the illiterate. Seeing a volume of mine once, the least intelligent but kindest and most charming of women cried, with the delightful play of Castilian eyes and hands, "Oh, how big it is! what a dreadful quantity of pages! It must be terribly wicked!" I laughed, and begged her to pray for my conversion; and she was kind enough to suggest that perhaps, after all, notwithstanding the monstrous offence of mere authorship against public morals and breeding, I might not be damned. Whenever she

referred to my profession, it was in a tone of sad and pitying resignation, and I interpreted her unexpressed feeling: "What a pity! and yet, in spite of so serious a disqualification, I can't help liking and forgiving you."

The resources of pleasure and distraction being so few, naturally love-making absorbs two-thirds, if not more, of youth. Fashionable young men, in the best of tailoring, with their hearts upon their sleeves, lounge in club or café window, or upon the animated pavement, in wait for beauty. Every woman that takes their fancy is addressed by them in extravagant compliments. Those armed with notes they call "flowers," hymning the praises of blonde or brunette, distribute them with impassioned speech. Nothing could be less delicate or less subtle than Spanish love-making. It follows its obvious course, like the moon or the tide. Youth and maid have their duties cut out for them by tradition and custom, and the whole town is aware of their tender relations twenty-four hours after the explosion of passion. The lover takes up his post of honor outside the beloved's window, not by moonlight, but in the full glare of day, and the silly creatures hold dumb converse for hours at a stretch. They have time, you perceive, to waste, and, my faith! they waste it with a vengeance. There are other loves less official, but not a whit more discreet; and a land that thrives upon gossip is well supplied by each young man of fashion and fortune. Austerity is not a predominant feature of modern Spanish life.

After love, the amusements of youth are gambling and the graceful and brilliant game of *pelota*. Cricket and football seem clumsy and inscrutable recreations beside such a finished and charming exercise as *pelota*. These slim, deft Spaniards, with their grace of gesture, their inherited charm of

movement, an indescribable animal nobility of expression and attitude, make almost a classical picture of a modern game. Pity it is that more time is not given to *pelota* and less to the theatre (which chiefly means the ballet and its attendant influences), the café and club, where the national vice, gambling, is practised with lamentable assiduity. The Spaniards do not drink, and profess loathing and horror of the English because of their devotion to the glass. To listen to them one would think there was but one vice, and that is drunkenness, and that the people who do not drink enjoy immunity from censure on every other score. Such is the ferocity of their contempt for this failing that I have heard a Spanish nobleman gravely assert that a man should be hanged for getting drunk once. I suggested humanely that imprisonment might suffice on the first occasion. Whereupon he angrily protested: "No, decapitation at once. It should be regarded as a capital crime." That indolence may be a vice far more disastrous in its consequences to a nation than even the abuse of alcohol you could never convince any Spaniard. Meditating on the exposure of national imbecility the present war reveals, I am minded of the daily existence of one of the most important of Spanish military officials I once was privileged to study in profound astonishment. This man received a large, a very large, salary from the government, and ruled over no less than four immense provinces. He rose at nine or ten, swallowed his chocolate, smoked a cigar, and at eleven o'clock went to his office, where he signed papers, gossiped a little with his several secretaries, and came upstairs to breakfast at noon. After breakfast he slept for a couple of hours, walked up and down the *salon*, smoking and listening to the chatter of his women-folks, went down-stairs

to his office at three, and remained until four o'clock, and that was the extent of his daily labor. The state paid him enormously, for Spain, for exactly two hours' insignificant work, and the rest of the time he did nothing but sleep, smoke, rock himself in a big rocking-chair, too lazy to stir out, to walk or drive or ride, too dull and indifferent to read or talk. His mind was as empty as his days; and with such military chiefs in office, is it any wonder that not a single preparation for the war was made, not a single evidence of official competence, of forethought, of average intelligence, was displayed by Spain at home or in her colonies? And this is by no means an isolated case. I studied for a month in a public library of Spain. The officials always arrived long after I was seated at my table. All the time they remained there they walked about or sat on tables, gossiping and smoking. Nobody wrote, nobody read, nobody knew anything on earth about the books in every one's charge, and at one o'clock they locked up the library and went home, worn out with the day's labor, to refresh themselves with a siesta and a lounge upon the public place. And this is the life of the average Spaniard, rich or poor, unless he plays *pelota*, bicycles or rides. The writers, on the other hand, are far too industrious in their ardor to prove the rule by the exception, and shuffle off coils of print with a lamentable and undiscerning facility, which explains the hopeless mediocrity of modern Spanish literature.

A Spanish habit that at first surprises and then charms is the immediate intimacy of address. Sir, Miss and Madam are dropped beyond the Pyrenees. You are instantly saluted by your Christian name by persons you see for the first time. "What is your baptismal name?" they ask, and forthwith you are plain John or Elizabeth.

If you happen to be an isolated British subject in a remote and unfrequented part, they may dignify the John with the historic Don, and at once you feel draped in the cape of legend. But in *salon* and at table they will hail you Elizabeth at a first meeting. A Spanish writer of whom I had written, but who was a perfect stranger to me, meeting me during my last visit to Spain, accosted me quite naturally as if we had been brought up together, "*Com está, Hannah?*" I should have replied, "*Muy bien, José;*" but insular perversity made it perfectly impossible for me to address a venerable, grey-bearded stranger and Academician as an old schoolfellow or a first cousin. We reversed the reproach of the play, where the lady says, "I call thee Clifford, and thou call'st me Madam." Pereda continued to call me "Hannah," and I respectfully (and to his complete surprise, no doubt) addressed him as "Señor." Habit is a fatal thing in the intercourse of nations. When an aristocrat calls one who is not of his or her rank by his or her Christian name, it is a brevet of equality! In the fashionable clubs, where the scions of old houses are all José, Fernán, Joaquín, among one another, the representatives of new nobility are scrupulously addressed as "Count" or "Marquis." To remember a man's title in social life is to dub him *parvenu*. The same simplicity in letter-writing. You address your titled friend, great of the first order, as "My dear friend," and he or she signs "Yours affectionately" (the Spanish equivalent being, "I kiss your feet," if a man writing to a lady; "I kiss your hand," if a lady writing to a man or another woman), Inés or Joaquín. All the formality is reserved for the envelope, upon which you are expected to be extremely punctilious in the matter of titles, of lords, of excellencies, of honors.

Nothing is at once more facile and



more difficult than social relations in Spain. This is explained by the urbanity of the individual and an incredible national susceptibility. The urbanity is merely superficial, and in consequence lures the naïve foreigner. Is it possible to be taken in by such candid and courteous advances? Unfortunately Spanish courtesy must be accepted at an enormous discount. As a rule it means nothing but empty words. A Spaniard would regard his own brother as a loafer if he came to dinner often. A friend could not do this, for the door would be politely shut in his face on the second occasion. No northern race could conceive anything to match Spanish inhospitality. I will give an example. A Spanish writer, with whom I have had a correspondence for several years, of as pleasant an intimacy as if we had been friends for life, begged me when next I went to Spain to visit him. I went to Toledo last year, and not once but repeatedly he urged me before leaving the Peninsula to come up to the north to see him. At last I consented. Instead of taking from Madrid the mail-train for Paris, I took the slow train up to the coast town where he lived, which meant a journey of seventeen hours, and added two days and three nights in all to my return voyage to France. I telegraphed to the man I naturally regarded as my host to announce the hour of my arrival. Sure enough, when I reached this remote town, the great man was on the platform, not with a member of his family (he was married, he had a wife, a daughter of twenty-two, a son over twenty), but with two strangers, men of letters, he introduced to me on the spot. I expected him to give my luggage in charge of a porter and show me to a cab, and then drive me to his house. No. He left me to settle everything, and told me to have my things sent to the *Fonda Europa*, that

we would walk over there, as it was close to the station. At the hotel he told me to settle about my room, and waited for me. Then he sat down, assured me he was enchanted to see me, and proposed to return when I had rested and lunched. He and his friends came back in the afternoon, and I was carried off in a steam-tram to make the acquaintance of a fellow-Academician along the coast. The illustrious man received us standing, showed us all his treasures, without offering us a chair, or tea, or even a glass of water, though it was hot enough, heaven knows, and bade us good-bye with the most ardent regrets. My friend, who assured me repeatedly of his affection, his admiration and sympathy, escorted me back to my hotel, and blandly wished me a good appetite for dinner and a good-night's rest, hoping to see me again. I left next day without seeing him, and, having gone to the far north at his invitation, I neither entered his house nor drank a draught of water at his expense. He was amazed at my dissatisfaction at this extraordinary reception, and in several long and eloquent letters afterwards protested that he had done all that it behooved a gentleman to do to show me honor and friendship. He had come twice to my hotel in one day, and he regarded it as the height of exigence to expect more. It never occurred to him that a five-pound note, two broken nights, and several unnecessary hours in a railway-carriage, constituted a big price to pay for two hours of his society, without even the compensation of a good dinner. An American, to whom I repeated the story, said it reminded him of the hospitality of a certain man of Kentucky, who said: "If ever you find yourself near my house, stay there." But here is revealed the superiority of American candor. At least the Kentucky man warned you of what to expect, whereas

my illustrious Spaniard always called his house *my house*, and instead of advising me to "stay there" repeatedly urged me to "come here." The explanation is that he never for an instant thought I would go, and believed that he would have all the benefit of his fine protestations and mock hospitality for nothing. My telegram was probably a thunderclap, and he had not the courage to reveal his indiscretion to his wife. For poverty was no explanation, as the man belongs to what is called the *haute bourgeoisie*, owns estates, has a luxurious town residence, into which I penetrated several years previously, is rich and highly civilized; but, like nearly all Spaniards, understands hospitality as the freedom of the streets. "This is your house," says the Castilian, and marches you along the public place. In his esteem the *plaza* was instituted for the *hidalgo's* reception of his friends. I, in my early visits to Spain, spoiled by my experience of a Spanish woman as sincerely and cordially hospitable as a princess of Eastern fable, accepted hospitality on all sides with a lamentable lightness. I was charmingly received always, but, I have no doubt, left a reputation behind me of gross indelicacy in construing this Iberian compliment by the common rules of Anglo-Saxon speech.

I know not why the opinion prevails that the Spaniards are dirty. Their habit of spitting is, of course, appalling; but in every other respect, the middle classes are cleaner than the English or the French. Middle-class houses are scrupulously tidy and clean, and in Barcelona domestic luxury is so general that for £24 a year you may have a magnificent flat, with every latest sanitary improvement, lofty chambers, marble stairs, electric bells and electric light. In the suburbs the £12 flats are large and charming, with gallery and terrace. I noticed in

Valladolid also that the middle-class houses are quite modern and luxurious. As for the standard of bed-room cleanliness and personal linen, it is unsurpassable. Well-to-do people in England are content with coarse and common sheets, while a Spaniard peasant offers you embroidered and lace-trimmed linen. The upper classes have the standard of our own—the daily bath, the daily change of linen. Nobody dresses for dinner, which robs the table of its decorative aspect; but the curious habit of dining with gloves is gaining ground in Madrid. In some houses dinner-gloves are placed beside the napkins, and the lady takes off her drawing-room gloves and puts on her table gloves as a matter of course. One seeks in vain the special attraction of this fashion, for surely the ungloved hand is more lovely far than a gloved hand any day.

Religion plays an inevitable but facile part in every phase of Spanish life. Morning mass is as regular as breakfast; but I doubt if the result be in the least spiritual. The virtues of the land are racial, the religion an impossible mixture of materialism and contented ignorance, with a remote and naïve strain of paganism, which keeps the modern traveller of tolerant views on the edge of a smile, so quaint and hideous and sensual are all these forms of worship—gorgeously dressed dolls, crucifixes decked out with the skirts of a ballet-dancer, and gold-fringed scarfs, beads, medals and processions. With their splendid capacity for devotion, their indomitable courage, which in suffering turns the least intelligent and sympathetic Spaniard into a hero or Roman heroine, their innate dignity, one asks one's self if something of imperishable value might not be made of this decaying race by an austere wave of puritanism and religious intellectuality, the exercise of the untrained con-

science, the blighted will. When you see a nobleman and his wife sit up to watch by the bedside of a sick housemaid or nurse-maid; a selfish woman of fashion prolong her stay in the country because of a sick servant, and lavish the same expensive care on that servant as she would on a member of her own family; and see them elsewhere give proof of an inhuman indifference to the interests of their fellows, one has an instinct that this inconsistency might easily be rectified by education. For Spain cannot by the kindest observer be regarded as civilized or modern.

In her development, as well as in tradition and in national character, Spain has practically stood still since the death of the sixteenth century. This fact has ever been the triumphant delight of the mere artist, of the modern dreamer, of the lover of picturesque and romantic legend. But nations in these progressive and complex times cannot, with propriety or justice, be regarded from this exclusive standpoint, and can hardly be admired for living so resolutely up to a national character formed by times that have barely a connection with our vivid, vital and moving present. Spain stands forlorn on the edge of history, draped in the cloak of futile regret, with glance unintelligently retrospective, blighted and empty, mind a blank, attitude a complete conquest of natural activity, the assertion of stupefied indifference. Hence the labored and exhaustive complaints of the modern traveller.

It is in the abstract no doubt a charming reflection that down there, beyond the imposing Pyrenean range, a great people dwell in a state of comfortless despair, lamenting still the death of Felipe Segundo. But when you cross the Pyrenees, the proofs of this condition are less inspiring, and affect the modern temper most injuri-

ously. You are continually beset with a burning desire to take innkeepers, shopkeepers, muleteers, canons, citizens, policemen, and every other official by the throat for the gratification of exasperated nerves. The trains drive you to despair. You wish wildly that there was more water and less electric light. You moan over the question of pesetas and reals, which so wantonly taxes all your arithmetical capacities, should you have any. The servants provoke thoughts of insanity, suicide or apoplexy. Meanwhile the Don stands before you, imperturbable, gentle, indifferent. What on earth can you be so unreasonable as to expect from a people blighted by the death of Phillip II.? If you choose to project yourself out of the comfortable, active nineteenth century back into the middle ages, that's your affair, only in heaven's name meet the surprises and experiences of your backward voyage like a man. You are wandering among a race of gentlemen, devitalized by regret, demoralized by a quietude you have not been taught to understand. Respect their repose, their traditions. Admire their sixteenth-century regard when you have the fortune to meet it, the *hidalgo's* lean, dull visage so inappropriately set off by vulgar modern raiment. Do not insist that they shall know precisely the time of day, or see the sun in the midday sky. When the mail-train, already two hours late, chooses to waste another hour while the officials are dining or making love, swear not, but wisely go and do likewise, and let the good folk across the Pyrenees frown and fret over retarded correspondence.

These are the disadvantages for the tourist, a creature naturally of no account whatever in the regulation of national machinery. Not for his convenience are the public clocks set, not for his pleasure do the water-works

play. Let him find what gratification he can from the study of alien habits and manners, or let him sulk in his third-rate inn, and marvel that foreigners are allowed to exist, unfortunate and misguided as they are. But now and then even modern history may be relied upon to give us a taste of the sleeping qualities of the sixteenth century among the subjects of Felipe Segundo. In the trivial experiences of every day, Sancho may be prominent. He talks common-sense, quotes sound and humorous proverbs that reek of mother-earth and mother-wit, eats and drinks heartily, does as little as he can, and keeps his purse-strings tightly closed. But once let an ideal of chivalry, a principle of honor afloat, something lofty, intangible, for which he may give his life or his last penny, and there you have Don Quixote careering wildly against windmills or the changing heavens, ready to defy giants and attack all powers single-handed. For deep down beneath this indifference and indolence, beneath this seemingly impermeable egoism, which in daily life are the salient characteristics of the race, is the unexhausted generosity, the rash, unconquerable heroism of the adorable Knight of la Mancha. It has told in all great moments of Spanish history; and to-day the splendid sight of a poor and decadent nation, heroically armed to meet a wealthy and powerful people, reveals it in all its freshness and faith: Sancho where daily bread has to be earned and life lived meanly in its mean significance, Quixote when the drums beat, and the banners wave, and national honor is at stake. Then no thought of cheap interests. Quixote proudly and chivalrously cuts the strings of Sancho's purse, and the dollars, pesetas and reals pour vigorously into the nation's lap. Quixote, brandishing his sword, while the bands play the "*Marcha Real*" or the "*March of*

Cadiz," never pauses to ask himself if he is strong enough to meet the enemy. He brooks no murmur of reason or prudence. The life's blood of the nation must pour, if needs be, to the last drop—just as the last penny must be spent for honor's sake, and not for interest.

And this spirit of generosity can sometimes be exercised in an alien cause. When young America rose up against Great Britain, and shouted for freedom, Spain offered to defray half the expenses of the war, and Lafayette sailed away from the picturesque little port of Pasaje, laden with Spanish dollars. "They repay us ill," said a Castilian minister to me some years ago in Madrid, when the Cuban rebellion was younger than to-day. "We gave them money to win their freedom, and now they are encouraging the insurgents of Cuba." The minister did not then anticipate the lengths to which that encouragement would go. Reason will retort that America is only playing the part in the Cuban rebellion that Spain played in the American rising. But Spain's assistance was spontaneous and perfectly disinterested, whereas it is nothing but sheer hypocrisy and humbug on the part of the Americans to prate of humanity, or a noble desire to punish cruelties they would be the first to imitate. The Indian brave and the nigger know something of American humanity, and the blacks of Cuba are not likely to fare better should they have the doubtful fortune to fall into their hard hands.<sup>1</sup>

The spectacle Spain offers us to-day in facing so unflinchingly a war brutally forced upon her, broken, ruined and alone as she is, recalls her heroism in the beginning of the cen-

<sup>1</sup> Since the above lines were written, the tale of America's magnanimity and generosity, so recently recorded, compels me to admit the injustice of these lines. As an enemy America has won her spurs in the realm of chivalry.

tury, when she, alone in Europe, stood up boldly, and fought the tyrant of the hour. Bonaparte had ruthlessly trodden out all frontiers, and the whole Continent was under his sovereignty, when Spain, degraded and impoverished, made her gallant and glorious stand against him. Such heroism as that displayed in those immortal sieges of Zaragoza and Gerona is not a quality that even centuries can destroy. Many a blunder, many a folly, countless and lamentable stupidities, marred the story of the Peninsular War, and the Spanish government to-day proves itself quite as incapable as the military Juntas; but the fight to-day for national honor is not less heroic, less desperate, than the long struggle with Napoleon. Force, wealth and brains may be on the side of the people whom Pereda, the Spanish novelist, unjustly described in a recent bitter letter as "a nation of miserable merchants," but the Don is assuredly a sympathetic figure. His banner in the fray is a magnificent tradition of honor, a legendary valor that will stand to him in the deepest depth of degradation. Whatever faults history may lay to his charge, he is no cheap trickster, no mean braggart, no modern upstart new to arms, unacquainted with glory and victory. Above all, he is no tradesman. In whatever rank you find him, you may count on something of the gentleman;

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and the snob, that intolerable curse of modern civilization, is singularly rare in his midst. He may idle away his life in peace, but he does not brutally hustle his neighbor on the marketplace in a lust of gold, with neither probity nor pride to regulate his transactions.

Most of us have been dazzled by the splendid effrontery of the Great Captain, when Charles Quint, with Teutonic meanness that affronted Castilian taste, demanded an account of his expenses from Gonzalvo of Cordova. "What!" shouted the indignant conqueror of Naples; "I win kingdoms for this fellow, and he comes with a beggarly demand for the bill. Well, he will get a bill that will be worth the sending." In modern slang, he makes the sordid emperor "sit up," and the *cuenta del Gran Capitán* has passed into tradition as a stroke of genius in brilliant and picturesque extortion. In this method of doing business the Don may excel, belonging, as I have said, to the sixteenth century. He is quite ready, if he gets the chance or the provocation, to charge a million dollars, as the Great Captain did, for hatchets, and sign the receipt with a gallant flourish and a gesture worth the price. But he robs as a soldier, a pirate, an adventurer, never as a tradesman. To-day he is alone in his medieval cloak, fine and distinguished, a figure of valiant futility.

Hannah Lynch.

## CONSTANCE.<sup>1</sup>

BY TH. BENTZON (*Mme. Blanc*).

Translated for The Living Age by Mrs. E. W. Latimer.

### CHAPTER III.

Constance Vidal was in truth the living image of Marguerite Duranton, at the age when that lady had caused her

eldest brother the most inconsolable sorrow of his life, by separating herself from him on account of her religious belief. This spiritual desertion was in some sort the fault of their

<sup>1</sup> Copyright 1882 by J. A. A. Co.



father, Capt. Duranton, who was too proud of the beauty and intelligence of his youngest darling. "She was," he said, "the flower of the family," a pearl, "as fragile as priceless."

No one would have supposed her born of a peasant race, the Albigenes of southern France, fashioned out of the hard grey granite of the Cevennes. With her transparent skin, her delicate hands and feet and her clear-cut profile, she had the air of a little princess, and her father, who adored her, desired her to receive a corresponding education. As he was a widower with no other means of support than his half-pay, how was it to be expected that he should for conscience' sake deprive his daughter of the opportunities which the imperial establishment at Saint-Denis offers to the daughters of officers? There his Margot might acquire, without expense, accomplishments not to be obtained in the province.

Samuel, who was already preparing to be a minister of the gospel, ventured to raise some objections, thinking it wrong that his sister should be sent so young and unprotected into a hotbed of Catholicism. But he was assured that there were Protestant pupils at Saint-Denis, and that a minister of that religion came regularly at stated times to give them instruction. The captain, though a good Huguenot, had in the course of his military life lost much of the fervent zeal which had distinguished his ancestors, and which had descended to his son; at the same time he had inherited their iron will, which enabled him to insist upon his own way in this as in everything. Little Marguerite was therefore sent to join the ten or twelve pupils of her own faith, who formed a group of pariahs in the midst of the four hundred and fifty Catholic girls then at Saint-Denis.

At first her southern gayety, which nothing had as yet subdued, was sorely tried in a place conducted under rigid military rules, with the customs and almost the traditions of old convent life. She suffered much. She revolted against the dreary darkness of a winter sky, so different from the blue of the southern heavens which formed the background to the beautiful yellow-tinted hills of her own land, watered by the Baise.

The poor child wrote home doleful accounts of her prison house, with its vaulted halls and its dim cloisters, but at the end of about six months the tone of her letters changed; they grew more gay and she seemed reconciled to her lot. The truth was that she had found a friend of her own age, who was poor and an orphan, the niece of a general, the Comte de Vardes; and this affection, which soon grew exclusive and passionate, created for her in her exile a kind of home or country. From that time she no longer pined; she became an exemplary pupil, always at the head of her class, a follower in everything of Mlle. de Vardes, who was an intelligent and imperious girl, a leader in the full force of the term. During the holidays little Marguerite could talk of nothing but her dear Marie, and the resolution they had formed never to be separated, but to remain at Saint-Denis when they grew up, among the ladies who wore each upon her shoulder the insignia of a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

"Would you leave us?" said her brother sadly; and he would have been still more distressed had he known that the rules of the establishment did not allow any Protestant to be received as an instructress.

"Bah!" thought Capt. Duranton, "let her make her own plans. Only child's play!"

Nevertheless he snatched from the neck of his "mignonne" what he called

an amulet, a consecrated medal that Marie de Vardes had given her as a keepsake. The loss of this medal was a great grief to the little girl.

The following year she came home with another medal and hid it more carefully. By that time a vague instinct had made Samuel feel sure that her faith had suffered some assault, and he went to the pastor who was charged with the instruction of the young Protestants at Saint-Denis. This person, who was not very observant, and who saw his young flock only once on Sunday, answered him reassuringly.

Appearances indeed were all in Marguerite's favor. From the time of her arrival she had never failed to stand up boldly in defense of her religion. She was even proud of her position as a Huguenot, instead of being offended when called one by her companions, and every morning, with a haughty step and her head held high, she went behind a screen at the hour of mass and joined those who were not allowed to enter the chapel. No one would have suspected that she had exaggerated her Protestantism in order the better to resist the influence of Mlle. de Vardes, who was made more earnest in her youthful proselytism by this very resistance. Why could not Marguerite have found one of her own faith to inspire her with the same ardent affection as this Catholic schoolfellow?

It is well known that noisy games, or games of activity, have never been in favor at Saint-Denis, where the little girls imitate their elders in caring for nothing that is not intellectual. The two dear friends, as they walked together, or worked in the little garden plot they cultivated in common, talked of serious things. Marie, who was always at the head of the catechism class, had laid up a whole store of arguments against Marguerite's inter-

pretation of the Bible, and they held perpetual discussions on the subject, in which the little heretic generally had the best of the argument, until at last her faith was shaken by an experience purely emotional and sentimental, which Mlle. de Vardes did not hesitate to call a miracle. It happened in connection with the imposing ceremony of a first communion.

"I shall pray for you," Mlle. de Vardes had said to her friend, somewhat mysteriously, on the evening before the retreat. "Oh! I shall pray so earnestly that we may become sisters indeed, sisters in faith, as I know God wishes us to be."

During the retreat, which lasted eight days, the candidates for communion, under the direction of several novices, were kept apart from the other pupils in recreations, at meals, and everywhere else, but their importance was the ever-present thought of all the rest. Marguerite saw from afar her beloved, her only companion, moving as it were in a celestial atmosphere, where she could not join her. Marie seemed to her like an angel who had entered into Paradise, while she was condemned to wait without in the darkness. So long as that week lasted Marguerite felt herself under the influence of her friend's prayers. She dreamed at night that a soft, loving voice was whispering in her ear, "We must be sisters."

At last the great day came. None of the ladies who conducted the establishment deemed it necessary to condemn one of their number to the self-denial of keeping guard over the Protestants during the ceremony. They were all present at the solemn mass, and witnessed the beautiful procession which passed up the cloister of the quadrangle, adorned with many-colored banners, and strewn with flowers scattered by the younger pupils. They walked in time

to music, the choir who marched with them leading the singing, and the mistress of deportment, a former opera dancer, whose movements were correct, studied, and faultless as so many copies in a copy book, directing everything with gestures borrowed from those of the princesses in the *Grand Cyrus*, and enjoying her own graceful appearance and her immense responsibility. After this came the three virgins, little girls of about fourteen, chosen as the prettiest of their age among the pupils. Under their long vells, with their prayer books clasped to their breasts, they came forward with downcast eyes, the other pupils, who had no especial parts assigned them in the procession, following one by one, like beads in a rosary.

At the foot of the great marble statue of the Virgin a splendid temporary altar had been erected, before which the flower-girls, the singers, the taper-bearers, and those who scattered incense, ranged themselves to left and right, each division distinguished by their different crowns, to await the arrival of the "first communicants," who came forward surrounding the sacred host, and accompanied by the clergy. All knelt; a hymn was sung; the officiating priest mounted the steps of the altar, which was covered by antique tapestry representing trees and figures. A profound silence reigned. Nothing was heard but an occasional sharp clap, by which the mistress of deportment directed the young girls to scatter flowers. In the midst of a rain of fragrant blossoms and a cloud of incense, the priest presented the white wafer to the four corners of the chancel.

Marguerite felt her knees bend and she bowed her head. As she rose she met the radiant glance of her dear friend, which seemed to think her for this involuntary act of adoration.

Already, at mass that morning, a

few words from a strange monk, majestic in a white robe, who had been preaching during the retreat, had moved her more than any sermon she had ever heard. He told the young communicants to take courage, and to pray for their dearest friends at this moment when their prayers might most prevail before the throne of God. For the first time the tenderness of the Catholic religion impressed itself on the heart of the little Huguenot, and under the monk's solemn benediction she felt herself powerfully drawn towards a belief which could thus comfort a motherless orphan. Afterwards when she told Marie of the impression made upon her, her friend cried out joyfully, "I was sure it would be so—I had so begged it of God."

But Marguerite answered that notwithstanding the emotion she had experienced, and from which she was not yet free, she dared not change her beliefs lightly. Her conversion, if it took place, must proceed from something more than a mere impulse of enthusiastic feeling, though the remembrance of that feeling she should always retain. She questioned herself, she investigated, she pondered, she brought to her search after truth a sort of inborn Protestant honesty, repressing so far as she could the impulse of her heart, yet swayed by it against her will.

The years passed in this struggle left their impression in the pallor of her face. Each time that Marguerite went home to Nérac for her holidays she was more serious and more reserved, which fact her neighbors attributed to pride, to disdain for the simple habits of mere country people. Her knowledge and accomplishments created at once in the little provincial circle of her old friends both admiration and envy. They said they knew well that their life was too narrow for a fine lady.

She never allowed her brother to talk to her about religion, as he would have gladly done. He felt that she was concealing something from him, and this secret, more than her absence from her father's house, alienated her from her whole family. Capt. Duranton at last grew anxious. He thought it was time she should come back, and he was about to tell her so, when an attack of apoplexy spared him, as death often spares people, apparently, the knowledge of impending trouble.

All was then explained. Marguerite had kept her secret from her father, because she feared for him the consequences of one of his fits of anger; but to Samuel, though she did not dare to speak, she wrote. With great embarrassment she owned that for a long time, at the bottom of her heart, she had felt herself to be a Catholic; that she had studied the subject in private, and was more and more confirmed in her new faith, and that she was resolved as soon as she should be her own mistress to follow the voice which called her into the Church of Rome. Now that she was almost eighteen, her education must soon come to an end; and her wish was, as it had always been, to remain at Saint-Denis as a novice.

His sister a renegade! His sister a Papist! Samuel Duranton was almost beside himself. It was then that he made the one long journey of his life. He went up to Paris, and on that memorable journey he saw absolutely nothing. One sole idea possessed him; he must save the sheep about to be lost, he must rescue his beloved sister from error. She must be under the spell of some fascination; it must be the indiscreet zeal of some priest that had led her astray. But his first conversation with the superintendent convinced him that neither the chaplain nor the teachers had taken any part in a work

accomplished secretly without their knowledge.

"Well, then, I am to understand that nobody is responsible, and that everything has contributed to it," he thought, as in the cloisters of the old abbey he breathed an atmosphere that seemed to him laden with superstition—an atmosphere of the Middle Ages. "It was to have been expected. I was right when I dreaded these influences—even the silent influences—each one of these dark stones distills its poison!"

He used all means to move his sister. He reminded her of their granduncle, a celebrated Protestant preacher, who had been tortured, racked and burned at the stake in the time of the *dragonnades*, and asked her if she meant to cast in her lot with his murderers. Honor alone, if she had forgotten all else that had been taught her in her childhood, should have restrained her from passing over to the enemy.

With gentle firmness, but unmoved, Marguerite answered that she had long since taken her resolution—that her conversion to Catholicism was an accomplished fact; and in her turn she reminded him that the war-cry of their ancestors was *liberty of conscience*, and that she was following the traditions of her race when she claimed for herself that liberty.

This was an appeal to his sense of justice, which no other sentiment, however strong, ever stifled in the breast of the pastor. For one moment indeed he asked himself whether he ought not to use the authority bequeathed to him by his father and carry home his rebellious sister, but it seemed certain that such a step would prove no remedy. The dark eyes of Marguerite would as bravely defy his persecution as the old Camisards, whose blood ran in her veins, had defied the rack and the stake in years gone by; she would not return to Nérac without causing a scandal by

her resistance. It was no longer a child with whom he had to deal, but a woman of strong convictions, who would feel that she had a right to reproach him if he turned her aside from her vocation. She, on her part, did not conceal from him how much she was influenced by her desire never to be separated from Mlle. de Vardes. Besides, she had by nature a strong love for teaching. M. Duranton then asked if he might see her persuasive friend.

"You take upon yourself, mademoiselle," he said to her bitterly, "the most heavy of responsibilities when you undertake to replace my sister's religion, her family, her home, in short, everything. Are you sure that you can rise to the height of such a task, and above all can you maintain yourself there?"

Marie de Vardes replied confidently that she had no fear that she should fail in the duties of an affection based on what was more solid than any earthly tie, and that she was sure that her purpose had been blessed by God.

The pastor, as he looked at her, thought of the spirit of proselytism which had inspired Mme. de Maintenon.

"Weigh well before your conscience what you are about to make irreparable," he said to his sister as he left her, "and, whatever happens, never forget that your brother is yours in spite of all." She thanked him a trifle haughtily, with the conviction that she should have no need of him, and poor Samuel, struck to the heart, renounced his rôle of the good pastor who brings back upon his shoulders the wandering sheep.

He went home by himself, grown older in one day, discouraged, resolved to put his ungrateful sister out of the heart where she had so long held a chief place. But yet neither his wife nor his children could ever make

him forget that far away, behind the bars of a sort of Catholic convent, lived his loved Margot, a voluntary captive, separated from him by an abyss that death itself could not have placed between their souls.

But at least he thought her happy. She was indeed happy for nearly four years following her abjuration. The daily life of the ladies of Saint-Denis, which has since been modified, resembled in those days that of their predecessors, the sisters of Saint-Cyr—except that they took no vows. It was religious, but at first Marguerite found it also delightfully intellectual. She and Marie de Vardes, while they attended carefully to their duties as instructresses, had plenty of leisure, and in this leisure their friendship grew more close. Theirs was a love passing that of ordinary friendship; it knew no jealousy, no rivalry, no petty self-interests; it was the strongest feeling in the hearts of both.

The rules of the establishment rarely permitted them to go out, and Marguerite never cared to avail herself of such permission, unless Marie dragged her by force to the house of her aunt, the widow of General de Vardes, an old lady whom she declared it was extremely stupid to be obliged to visit. The Comtesse de Vardes was a wealthy personage, who inspired Marguerite with but little liking. She therefore preferred to let her friend pay these visits alone, and Marie was the first to call them "a bore."

Toward the close of the third year of their novitiate, however, Marie began to find the duty of visiting her aunt less burdensome. She ceased to laugh at her solemn Monday receptions, and without making any essential change in her regulation costume, she added little coquettish touches to her dress, such as only a woman's eye could have detected. At the same



time she became less open with her friend when they talked of what she had seen and done in Paris.

That which one cannot understand inspires fear. Marguerite, noting these almost imperceptible changes, was beginning to foresee some catastrophe, when suddenly, without preparation—as is often the case when something has to be communicated which it is painful to tell, and which cannot be told without self-reproach—Marie announced her approaching marriage. She had met at her aunt's a man of high social position, who had asked her hand.

"The Baron de Latour-Ambert?"

Marguerite let fall, tremblingly, the name of a friend of Mme. de Vardes, who had twice called at Saint-Denis with her.

"Yes—that is he—the ambassador. Too old? No, indeed, he is only fifty-five, well preserved—has the grand air." And indeed Marie cared nothing for his appearance. She thought of his rank, and of the position he would give her, and preferred, to the more demonstrative attentions of a younger man, the discreet wooing of this person of experience, who never made himself ridiculous by forgetting his age, but treated her in a half-paternal manner.

All this was told to Marguerite with a smile of triumph. The future baroness seemed totally to forget the responsibility impressed on her by M. Duranton. She was once more obeying her leading instinct. Great conquerors have no sooner gained one victory than they achieve another. Like them, Marie de Vardes did not stop to count the slain after a decisive action. The bitter but silent grief of Marguerite she scarcely perceived.

"Nothing will be changed between us, darling," she cried, kissing her. "You will always be my dearest friend."

And the forsaken friend, too proud to make complaint, repeated her words like an echo, "No, nothing will be changed," while she struggled to hide her tears.

In the month of August following Marguerite accepted the invitation which her brother had given her every year, to come and pass the holidays at Nérac. Up to that time she had refused to visit him, on various pretences, but now anything seemed better than the terrible loneliness of her life since the marriage of Marie de Vardes.

Her exclusive affection for this one friend had made her neglect to form any intimacy with the other ladies in the establishment. They knew her very little and looked on her with indifference. In her great sorrow she seemed to have no refuge, and discovered with terror that what she had mistaken for a real vocation had been only a step taken thoughtlessly through the influence of example. All her duties at Saint-Denis now seemed "stale, flat and unprofitable." Perhaps they had only been made pleasant to her by the companionship of Marie. That close intercourse was now poorly supplied by correspondence, though the letters of Mme. de Latour-Ambert were still the principal interest of her life.

But that lady soon went with her husband to a foreign country, and in the intervals between her letters Marguerite withered like a plant deprived of sunshine. The climate of Saint-Denis had never been favorable to her health, which had gradually been deteriorating; though she had hardly noticed it, for happiness lends both physical and moral strength, which vanish when it goes away. She now began to suffer from pains she had not felt before and could not understand.

Recollections of the kindness, the unselfish affection of her brother came back to her at this crisis, as they

had not done since the rupture in the past, and she felt a vague homesickness. She experienced a desire to recover the links that bound her to the past; she thought that her native air might restore the tone of her nerves, and she had besides a sort of feverish longing for change.

Alas! fresh disillusionment awaited her. Her brother was the dear, good Samuel whom she had always known; he received with joy the returning prodigal; he made no allusions to their estrangement; but there was now by his side a Mme. Duranton, a woman of fierce intolerance. She it was who felt a renewal of all the anger with which she had heard of the abjuration of her sister-in-law, now when she saw the apostate in the flesh, far more lovely than she had ever been able to imagine. Edelmone took an aversion to Marguerite for reasons with which theology had little to do, though she fancied the contrary.

In a week all Nérac knew what to think of the lady from Saint-Denis. She was a pedant; she was pretentious; she knew nothing of housekeeping; she put on airs like a queen; it was lucky she had chosen to be an old maid, for no reasonable man who wanted a wife would have chosen a mere object of luxury like her. The surprise of Mme. Duranton was therefore great when she perceived that Dr. Vidal was by no means of this opinion.

Dr. Vidal was one of the oldest friends of the Duranton family. Marguerite had dazzled him in the first springtime of her beauty. When he found her thin and pale, with lines of suffering round her pretty lips, and the fresh attraction of a secret sadness in her large, soft eyes, the generous heart concealed beneath the rough manners which intercourse with the world had never polished was moved by pity. At the same time, as a doctor

he resolved to make a struggle for her frail life against the grave symptoms which his experienced eye detected at once. Though he rarely made visits of friendship, being a man disinclined to leave his own study when it was needless, he was constantly at the pastor's house while the sister remained there.

Marguerite was an accomplished musician. The sudden taste for music that Philippe Vidal seemed to have acquired astonished all who had heard him say that the clatter made by the piano was in his opinion the most disagreeable of all noises; and though he had sometimes asserted that nothing but the chatter of women's tongues was so wearisome to him as the piano, he was never tired of conversing with Mlle. Duranton. Had he given up his inveterate disdain of women in general? Perhaps not. Our opinions and our impressions are very different things. In vain the doctor argued with himself concerning opinions, scientifically worked out, upon the sex to which Marguerite belonged. He forgot them all when he beheld her.

It was not her talents, not her mind which fascinated him. If she had done nothing but look at him and smile at him he would have felt the same. And, as if she had intended to complete the rascination, she involuntarily paid him the compliment of the most delicate flattery, by giving him the opportunity of professionally attending her, of restoring her to health and vigor.

We all know that benefits conferred are often burdensome to the receiver, but almost always have the effect of awakening interest in the giver. M. Vidal experienced this after he had succeeded in bringing Marguerite safely through a dangerous illness. She had been attacked at the close of the vacation, when she was about to

return to Saint-Denis, by a very severe fever, complicated by premonitory symptoms of heart-disease. She was taken ill when staying with the Nougaredes at the Park, where were also Mme. Duranton and her children. The doctor showed on this occasion a devotion far surpassing the claims of professional duty, so that no one could mistake the interest he felt for his patient; and she, as soon as she was able to appreciate all that he had done for her, showed her gratitude warmly and openly.

"Hush," he replied. "Don't thank me. I have been selfish. All that I have done for you has been really for myself—for my own pleasure, and my own profit, as you will see."

In truth, the secret hope of the doctor was to win for himself her whom he had been so happy to rescue from the arms of death.

As she grew better he had a serious conversation with his old friend Samuel.

"Your sister," he said, "is safe for the present, but she will always be delicate, and will require much care. She must be forbidden to resume her teaching, nor ought she to lead the unwholesome life practised at Saint-Denis. She has felt the bad effects of it already and she must not go back there."

The pastor sadly shook his head.

"Make her hear reason, if you can," he said. "She knows that I have a place for her in my home. But there is no great sympathy, as you may have observed, between Marguerite and my wife, and then the difference of religion—"

"I never thought myself that she could live with you. She would be very much in your way, and liable to be constantly wounded."

"Where else would you have her go?"

"To the home of her husband," re-

plied Philippe Vidal, "and I can tell you where that husband must be found. You see him before you."

"My dear friend, there is one great objection; you are too rich to marry a portionless maiden."

"What foolish reasoning! It is because she has no fortune that you ought to provide her with all that can make life comfortable. What you call my being rich is only that I am in easy circumstances. My father left me what he had, and I have not increased it. I have indulged my taste for science, but have never made money by it; it is not a line in which a man acquires wealth. But a sensible wife, who has no taste for the things of this world, may be happy and satisfied with my little fortune. I have nothing else to tell you, for you have known me long. I offer your sister an honorable name, and all the love I have stored up for my wife in years wherein work has left no time for folly. As for her religion, I don't care what it is. I don't pretend to be religious myself—it is no use reminding you of that."

"If Marguerite had been still one of us," said the pastor, "that would have been my second objection."

"Then I am very glad," replied M. Vidal, laughing, "that she became a Catholic. She will be less masterful, less pitiless. You interrupted me just now as I was saying that though I myself can do without religion, I should be glad to know that it was possessed by my wife. It seems to me that a woman who is a free-thinker possesses one grace the less—using the word in its profane sense."

"Well, that is at least a praiseworthy admission," said M. Duranton with a smile. "Let us hope that a life spent in doing good to your neighbors—whether or not you call it by its Christian name of charity—and even the light of science, which God, who knows all things, cannot forbid our

endeavoring to obtain, may lead you higher still—much higher."

"No, God cannot object to science, since science is another name for God," replied the doctor. "But we have no time to-day to discuss such things, and you are preaching, my dear Samuel, in place of answering my question. There is but one thing to consider; do you think your sister will take me?"

Samuel Duranton remained silent. He thought Philippe Vidal a personable man, in spite of his nearly forty years—a man of a vigorous slenderness and a strongly-lined face that recalled the features of the bronze Henri Quatre in the principal square of Nérac, as he says to his brave Gascons, with a familiar gesture, "*Approchez-vous.*" The forehead was a little bald, as befits a man of close study, but his beard was black and thick, his eyes those of a young man, and his teeth superb. Assuredly this man of science, whose work had great reputation beyond the narrow limits of his immediate neighborhood, this friend of the poor and afflicted, who by his care and kindness had made himself adored by people wholly incapable of appreciating his knowledge and ability, seemed a man who might have been thought a very acceptable husband; but the pastor had always imagined that to win Marguerite it was necessary to be a paragon, one who could at least offer to try to lay at her feet the moon and stars. Nevertheless he carried the doctor's offer to his sister.

She listened to him without surprise, as if she had already guessed what he had to say, had thought it over and was prepared with a reply. The suddenness of her consent almost frightened M. Duranton.

Marguerite married Dr. Vidal because she was in a position which seemed to offer no other escape. She was afraid of returning to Saint-Denis,

when Marie de Vardes was no longer there; she dreaded the prospect of continuing to live under the same roof with Edelmone. When the doctor came to learn the result of her talk with Samuel, she put a little white hand, still weak and feverish, into the hand that he held out to her, and made but one condition, her children should be brought up as Catholics.

"They shall be Mahomedans if you wish it," said Philippe with a joyous indifference; "and, abbey for abbey, I trust you will find my old Priory as habitable as Saint-Denis."

His home was indeed the last relic of a Benedictine priory, which, led up to by hedgerows tufted and bushy, stood side by side with a monument both historic and curious, the ancient church of the convent, one of those bits of Roman architecture sometimes found in the south of France.

At the Priory, the doctor's young wife passed the remaining fifteen years of her brief life, except when she was taken for a short time to the Pyrenees to drink the waters. Her husband thought her happy, for he was so absolutely happy himself. He carried her through life in his arms, as he said, that she might set her foot on neither thorns nor stones. He was her friend, her physician, her father, and above all her husband faithful and true, who never could have given her any other rival than his collections.

Marguerite, on her part, had all the qualities which fitted her to be the wife of a learned man, except the gift of housekeeping; but nobody would have noticed this, for the want was supplied by the doctor's old housekeeper, Catinou, who retained the authority she had held when her master was a bachelor.

A little shy and shut up within herself, but always quick to interest herself in the labors and researches of her husband, with that attractive curiosity

of half-ignorance whose secret is possessed by very intelligent and very cultivated women, Mme. Vidal was constantly occupied with the care of her little daughter, whose coming into the world had at last given her something to love supremely. She knew in her heart that maternity had sapped her strength, and that she must lose no time in giving the beloved little one she would soon leave motherless all that it was in her power to bestow.

In the first place she believed she had secured for her an affectionate protectress by asking Mme. de Latour-Ambert to be her godmother. She named the infant Marie Constance; she insisted on nursing her herself, and her jealous love could not suffer any stranger to assist in the work of educating her, which she carried on from the first by talks and by readings, with a feverish energy that alarmed the doctor.

"You will tire her; let the poor little human plant have a chance to grow by itself," said M. Vidal.

But Marguerite was animated by a kind of selfishness in her maternal relation. She wished to form her daughter into a duplicate of herself, to impress on her her own image, to make sure that she left behind her some one who could understand her, some one whose whole heart would open to her best and dearest thoughts, some one who would fervently share her religious feelings. She communicated her convictions to Constance with the feeling of some Christian in the early ages, that she was arming her to withstand adverse influences. She poured her very soul into her child by means of constant intimate talks with her.

"Tell me your own story, mother," Constance would say to her, as if she were asking for a fairy tale.

And Marguerite would relate her ever-vivid impressions of her early

days at school, with a full account of her friendship for Marie de Vardes, not forgetting the miracle granted to this dear friend's prayers, and how her eyes were opened in the midst of all the splendors of the May procession, till the child was quite carried away by the recital. When she reflected upon how her mother, in her youth, had been an especial object of divine grace, she conceived for her a veneration that was almost worship. That mother, so beautiful, so tender, belonging so little to this earth, who seemed when she spoke of heaven so ready to depart and to ascend there, was to her like the heroine in some legend of the saints, and her imagination pictured her with a background of cloisters, tombs, and vaults peopled with phantoms.

Such was the outcome of the long and frequent talks which charmed the little girl and drew her away from the sports natural at her age to the sick-bed where Mme. Vidal so often lay, patient and serene. To love God, to suffer for God, to give up all for God, were words often on the mother's lips, and they stamped themselves upon the very heart of Constance long before she understood their entire meaning; so that when the Messenger from on High came suddenly with his summons to that beloved mother, whom she had always heard speak of him without fear or sorrow, the resignation which the little orphan showed in her grief astonished every one. The cause of this was that she who had passed from time into eternity had said to her little daughter, "We shall never be separated if you remain faithful. God will not suffer me to leave you. We shall join each other in hours of prayer, and you will hear my voice in your inmost heart. If you call on me I shall be near you."

Constance felt therefore that her



mother was not lost to her so long as she could rise superior to those who had not the secret of such a mysterious union with God. After many tears shed for the despair and irritable unhappiness of her father, she entered on an era of mystical self-consolation which gave to her regrets a kind of blessing. She fancied that by divine favor the soul of her beloved mother was united to herself, prescribing her daily conduct, directing her smallest actions.

The idea of this invisible companion-

ship took possession of her; every one saw in her an exact likeness to her dead mother, in voice, in lips and in eyes. The peasants in the country round about said when they saw her, "The young lady is her mother over again." The doctor was often tempted to return her thanks for having the walk, the gestures and the look of his beloved lost wife, and M. Duranton seldom saw her without saying, as he had said upon the day of which we speak, "How like you are to my poor sister!"

*(To be continued.)*

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#### PRINCE BISMARCK: PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

Prince Bismarck had lived eight years in retirement, and almost in exile, when, with dramatic suddenness, his sands ran out; but if ever any statesman's distinctive work was carried to comparative human completeness, his certainly was. It had always been his wish and hope to die in harness, and more than once—notably when the cares of office apparently pressed with greatest weight upon him—he told the Reichstag so. How this desire failed of fulfilment is a story with which the world is fairly familiar.

The fact that Germany's greatest son and Europe's master in statecraft should have passed away as a private citizen rather than as the first Minister of the Empire which he had created has naturally given prominence to the personality of the man at the expense of the political achievements of his career, and some aspects of this personality it is my purpose briefly to survey. If one were asked to name the characteristic which beyond all others denoted Prince Bismarck, and which, at the same time,

was the master-key to the secrets of his incomparable success as diplomat and as statesman, the answer must unquestionably be—his concentration. Yet not concentration in any indefinite and abstract sense, rather the constant and unwearied application of every faculty to an unvarying political task—twofold, yet in essence one—the strengthening of the Prussian monarchy upon the basis of a constitution voluntarily conceded by the Crown, and the drawing together of the German states in a union of which Prussia should be the predominant partner. Essentially his genius was political, and politics were the engrossing object of his thought. Cosmopolitan in culture, susceptible apparently in no small degree to the manifold movements of his age, the supreme interest of his life was yet the solution of one great political problem—how states can be made, parliaments managed, and parties used to further the designs of a masterful mind.

A remarkable story, probably but little known, will illustrate what I mean. Its author is Herr von Tiedemann,

sometime head of the Imperial Chancellery. When Tiedemann conveyed to his chief the news of the murderous attempt which was made, on June 2d, 1878, by Nobiling, on the Emperor William I., Bismarck's first ejaculation was, "Now we will dissolve the Reichstag!" Only after the ruling passion of political purpose had found involuntary expression did he inquire after the Emperor's condition, and seek details of the dastardly deed which had nearly robbed him of a beloved master.<sup>1</sup>

That Germany accurately diagnosed the specific genius of her distinguished chancellor was clearly proved by the character of the homage paid to him during life. He was worshipped rather than loved: it was the Titanic in his personality, the heroic in his achievement, which magnetized the nation and drew to him its lavish, almost unreasoning admiration. But Germany's estimate of her hero was shown even more eloquently at his death. Those who at close quarters witnessed the national mourning for the old emperor in 1888, and lately have noted the expressions of grief which his chancellor's death elicited, will bear me out when I say that the two calamities affected the nation very differently. In the first case the tribute to the dead was that of a united people's heartfelt, homely sorrow; in the second it took the form of ponderous, organized mourning—very fine, very touching, very sincere, yet throughout conveying an unmistakable suggestion of the "manifestation." In the first case affection was the motive force; in the second patriotism. By mere accident, rather than intention, I passed through Germany from west to east, and from north to south,

during the fourteen days which followed Bismarck's death, and it was interesting to note the effect which the event created. It was everywhere the same. Public memorial gatherings (*Trauerfeier*) were the rule—in general, elaborate functions, held in open spaces or large halls, at which the proceedings embraced glowing panegyrics by leading citizens, music by bands and choruses, and here and there torchlight processions with parade of funereal trappings. It was all impressive and almost unique in its way, but even the most casual observer might have guessed that the object of mourning was one whose career and deeds appealed less to the sympathetic than the patriotic and political instincts.

No statesman of his time stirred the political mind of Europe by his speeches as Prince Bismarck did while chancellor of the Empire. And yet he could not be described as an orator in the commonly accepted sense of the term. More than that, he would have been the first to disclaim the title—probably with no little disgust—had it been bestowed upon him. I heard him speak in the Reichstag on various occasions and under the most favorable circumstances, and this impressed me more than anything else—the entire naturalness and sincerity of his manner, its utter freedom from rhetorical tricks or artifices, and the absolute absence of any straining after effect. It may be said that, as Germany is not governed by noisy talk but by silent action, a minister under such a constitutional system as hers is at an enormous advantage in this matter of Parliamentary oratory. No one can compel a minister to speak unless he wishes. He is not, in fact, a Minister of Parliament at all; his office is con-

<sup>1</sup> To give full point to the incident it should be stated that Nobiling's attempt followed that of Hodel on May 11 of the same year, on which occasion the first Anti-Socialist Bill was introduced in the Reichstag, which, however, declined to pass it.

Nobiling's crime led Bismarck to dissolve the Reichstag and appeal to the nation, which gave him a powerful majority, by whose aid the second Socialist Bill was easily carried.

ferred upon him by the sovereign, to whom alone—short of complying with certain standing rules of the House—he owes obedience and responsibility. Bismarck, by the way, went so far as to assert, both by word and act, that even standing rules possessed no validity for him. Situated thus, to a large extent outside Parliamentary influence, the German Minister does not find himself under the necessity of continually appealing to the indulgence and sympathy and emotions of the Legislature. So it came about that Bismarck, especially in late years, was no very frequent speaker in the Reichstag, while in the Prussian Diet he spoke still more rarely. But when a "Bismarck sitting" did occur, it was an event in the session. What a crowded House was that to which he always addressed himself! Upon the deputies' benches—I speak of the old Parliament House in the Leipzigerstrasse—and in the several galleries you would look in vain for a vacant place. Those were rare days, when tickets of admission to the tribunes were precious documents indeed.

Bismarck never made his appearance until he was ready to speak. He was not the man to waste time in listening to uninformed criticism; what he had to say himself he said, and he left other people to talk as they listed. Having arranged all the requisite papers before him, he would rise at the call of the president, and before general silence had fallen over the House would be *in medias res*. Though refined, his voice could hardly be called musical, and for a man of his immense stature it was by no means strong. It was characteristic of him that the style of address which he invariably adopted was distinctly conversational—free, straightforward, unconstrained—as though the Reichstag were to him simply a body of fellow-men to whom he desired to impart his views of the

questions at issue. During the delivery of one of the most important speeches which ever left his lips he was seated in his official chair, an informality which he excused on account of temporary indisposition.

A few days before Prince Bismarck's mortal illness was announced to the world, I chanced to be discussing his industrial legislation with a well-known and well-informed German social reformer, and the conversation took, as was inevitable, a wider scope. "Do you know," asked my friend, "which is the greatest speech Bismarck ever made? . . . The speech upon the Septennate Bill, that in which he declared that the last war with France was as child's play compared with the next—should there be a second—and that should Germany triumph she would be compelled to cripple her enemy for a generation." As it happened, I had heard this very speech. It was delivered in the Reichstag in February, 1887, and it was without doubt, as to content, a marvellous effort, just as from the political standpoint it was a momentous utterance. Moltke was present that memorable morning, and sat just below the ministerial tribune—cool and impassive as ever, a bundle of bones to look at, but for that intellectual, majestic, Cæsar-like head which stamped him as a master-spirit. He had already intervened in the debate, to declare it as his deliberate conviction that unless the Septennate Bill were passed there would be war. Seldom indeed did the venerable "battle-thinker"—the Great Silent One, as he was by preference called—claim any of the time of the Reichstag, and when he did speak it was usually in a few short, direct, pragmatic sentences, and always upon those military questions which he understood as none other. Upon this occasion his utterances created a profound impression, and this the chan-

cellor still further intensified by a speech which will probably rank as the most powerful which he ever made. "We Germans fear God and nothing else in the world," he declared with fine fervor, and the assembly broke into frantic plaudits. Perhaps none of Bismarck's innumerable aphorisms enjoyed so cordial a reception amongst his countrymen.

The storm passed over quietly, and to the hasty observer it seemed as though it had been the veriest summer lightning that had flashed in the political firmament. In reality, the omens were very sinister. The political situation in Germany was acuter at that time than ever since the war of 1870-71—acuter even than when the famous "War-in-sight" article of the Berlin Post set Europe by the ears in 1875. It is now known that Moltke was honestly convinced that France not merely wished for war, but was determined to find or create an occasion for it, and he was in favor of taking the initiative, and so meeting more advantageously a dire emergency which he believed to be inevitable. Not only so, but Bismarck has since declared that, beyond any doubt, the old emperor himself—greatly as he loved peace—would at that time have allowed himself to be involved in a new war with the hereditary enemy, had his chancellor but staked his word that it was necessary. Happily, Europe was saved from the threatened catastrophe.

I remember how, after his speech was over, and the shouts of the Right had died away, Bismarck stepped down to old Moltke's side and took a seat beside him. It was an impressive, an historical, a truly "psychological" moment. The business of the sitting went on as formality required; and Herr Something, Deputy for Somewhere, had begun a buzzing oration that was intended to be a reply to the chancellor. But the House and the

spectators paid no heed. The marvelous voice had ceased, but the spell still endured, and all eyes were riveted upon the spot where those twin paladins of the Empire were chatting together as if oblivious of the fact that all Europe was hanging upon the pregnant words which had just been spoken.

Soon afterwards Prince Bismarck left the Reichstag. It was his wont to be driven to and from his residence in the Wilhelmstrasse, but on this occasion he walked. How he got home was a mystery. Not only the approach to the Parliament House, but the whole adjacent street, was packed by a well-dressed and exultant crowd. Not one in a hundred had heard the speech, but all knew it had been made and—well, here was Bismarck back again! So they gave themselves over to jubilation as a Berlin crowd, familiarized almost to satiety though it is with great events and personages, so well knows how to do. They cheered and shouted and sang; they waved their handkerchiefs and threw up their hats and lost them, and, in general, acted like wild school-boys. By mere chance I gained the street as the chancellor, in charge of Count Herbert Bismarck, as informal beadle-in-chief, began his triumphal progress home, and willy-nilly I was pushed on in front of him all the way to the Chancellery, a quarter of a mile distant, for there was no getting free. If ever Prince Bismarck was pleased with Berlin it must have been on that day. The ovation clearly went to his heart, and from beginning to end of the slow and measured walk his face was radiant with delight, while tears were in his eyes.

But Bismarck's speeches were good to read as well as to hear. It has been my painful lot to have waded through an appalling amount of German Parliamentary oratory, and it would be setting up a wholly indefensible fiction

to say that vivacity is its distinguishing characteristic. Intellectually it is, as a rule, keen and forcible; it is as logical and ratiocinative as the German mind itself; it proves what it sets itself to prove; yet it carries no one away with it; for it is but little relieved by those traits which evidence the orator's intimate touch with life. That this should be so brings into greater relief the great charm of Bismarck's speeches—their actuality and human interest. I suppose that no contemporary statesman has given to the world so many brilliant apothegms that will live. These always came with the directness of the lightning flash, and they stuck like burrs. And what a storehouse of historical incident was his memory! If Macaulay, as a history-writer, is unrivalled in the faculty of happy literary allusion, Prince Bismarck, as a history-maker, had an equally wonderful knack of illustrating the present by reference to the past. Germany has no grey constitutional annals and precedents to which a minister may, if so minded, appeal, for in truth precedents are of questionable utility in a country where princes and parliaments still grind each other like upper and nether millstones. But Bismarck's knowledge of the political history of the old and new Empires, and especially of the period covered by his own public life, extended to the minutest details, and whenever occasion arose he would flash down upon his hearers with telling recollections which betrayed the breadth and depth of his studies and experience, and stamped him as one who spoke with unimpugnable authority. His wit and humor, too, were delightful because spontaneous, and there was plenty of both, for he was human all through. The character which the world has united to regard as adamant had yet its soft and supple parts. I vividly remember how

this characteristic showed itself when I visited Friedrichsruh. During the forenoon meal, which preceded a long *tête-à-tête*, the conversation was general, and the prince was the soul of it all. He kept the whole table in the brightest humor, as happy *bon-mot*, sententious *obiter dictum* and entertaining story, drawn from his own official experience, left his ready lips in turn. He laughed heartily with the rest as he told of a certain grand duchess, all of the olden time, who could not tolerate him. "She used to say that I was too haughty—that I spoke as if I were myself a grand duke. For she used to divide humanity into three classes—whites, blacks, and grand dukes, though the grand dukes, of course, came first."

Within the Reichstag the feeling held towards the prince was that of admiration and cold respect rather than attachment and cordiality. In private life he could unbend to the warmest geniality, but in the rough places of politics he maintained a reserve which kept the great mass of Parliamentarians at a distance. "We called him the great Bow-Bow," said to me a former member of the Reichstag who had come in fearful contact with the ex-chancellor in committee rooms and elsewhere. When he entered the House he seldom exchanged words with any save his colleagues on the ministerial tribune. It was only at the well-known "Bismarck evenings" that the official stiffness and formality were put on one side—those reunions, to which representatives of most of the fractions were invited, were genial indeed. Even amongst his immediate colleagues of the Cabinet he cultivated no great intimacies. It is hardly to be wondered at, for equals he had none, and the members alike of the Imperial and the Prussian Cabinet all owed their



positions to his own "favor and mere motion."

More than once it has been charged against him that in these relationships he was high-handed and inconsiderate, and that short shrift awaited the man who was unlucky enough to be in the way. Bismarck has, in fact, been called "a good hater." He was, as he was a good friend—it was all a matter of experience. Certainly, he was slow to tolerate open, much less clandestine, opposition, and to the opponent who ventured deliberately to cross his path he showed no quarter. It is easy, judging the matter from a non-German standpoint, to convict Bismarck of intolerance in this respect. But both the men and the methods that are called into play in a semi-absolutistic system of government are of necessity very different from those pertaining to a country where the last repository of power is the people and its elected assembly. Effective underhand conspiracy and illicit influence are well-nigh inconceivable in this country, where the relationships of minister to minister are concerned. But, as a matter of fact, Prince Bismarck had at different parts of his career to contend with both, and if he retaliated with relentless measures, he could, at least, claim that he had the welfare of the State, as he understood it, alone at heart, and that personal interests were out of the question. But given the confidence, straightforwardness and loyalty which he esteemed in his colleagues and subordinates more than genius, and no man was truer and firmer in his attachments. None the less, his ways were rough and ready. When a minister became intractable, or otherwise no longer filled office to his satisfaction, he received a plain intimation that a change would be desirable. "They left me," was the laconic phrase in which Bismarck described to myself the ministerial

changes which were a prelude to the reversal of Germany's fiscal policy which began to take effect in 1876. But they left him because above them was a man of iron will, whose imperative word was to this man, "Go," and to another, "Come," and whose word was law.

In the Reichstag itself there was, perhaps, only one member to whom Bismarck took a personal aversion. It was Herr Eugen Richter, the talented but wayward leader of the ultra-Radicals. It seemed clear to all observers that Richter took a genuine delight in tormenting the chancellor, and thwarting him on all possible occasions. It is, of course, the duty of an opposition to oppose, but Richter's policy was one of consistent obstruction, and the description of him, in Goethe's phrase, as "the spirit of eternal negation," fitted him accurately. Bismarck, for his part, returned his antagonist's hostility duly, though at the same time decorously, until dislike took the form of dignified indifference. Towards the end of his Parliamentary career Bismarck took as little notice of his keen and aggravating critic as possible, and ceased altogether to pay him the compliment of listening to his biting speeches. Many of Richter's own friends were disappointed with his demeanor towards a statesman who, whatever his political theories, was at least the maker of the German Empire. Nor could youthful exuberance be pleaded in extenuation of the Radical leader's indiscretion. Richter became sixty years of age on the very day that Bismarck died.

To speak of Friedrichsruh suggests a very different side of Prince Bismarck's character. It is not a little significant that Bismarck and Moltke, those two men of mighty purpose and deep design, who were alike in so much else, should have shared a re-

markable fondness for simple, homely life. Moltke on his Silesian *Gut*, and Bismarck in his modest retreat in the Sachsenwald, would have made model English country squires of half a century ago. For the so-called "castle" of Friedrichsruh is in reality but a pleasant country house of only moderate dimensions, such a house as the well-to-do Yorkshire or Lancashire manufacturer of these days, who leases his residence and seldom either buys or builds, would judge sufficient for his family's needs, but not more. A small "park" is attached to the house, but its condition is only a few removes from the chaotic, and it lies altogether to the rear. From the lodge gates to the entrance there is only a simple carriage way of some twenty yards or so.

Within the walls the same simplicity reigned. (I speak of the past, of Friedrichsruh as I myself have seen it.) German homes never suggest the furniture shop, and the home of Prince Bismarck was like the rest. Only needful articles of furniture stood about the rooms, and of decoration there was absolutely no trace. So, too, old-fashioned ways ruled. The tell-tale blotting paper only sparingly took the place of the sand-box; the wax and seal did constant service; and if the tinder and flint long since went out, the matches used were of a massiveness which to modern taste must have seemed rude and uncouth. The order of the household followed the same simple lines. There was no fastidiousness and no show—the economy was that of the burgher, rather than the princely family. From first to last, in its equipment as in its conduct, the house preserved the essentials of an old North German *Junker-heim*—plain, substantial, jovial and unconstrained. Here, as he often said, many of the happiest of the old days were spent, and even in the time of his retirement, galling as it was, the serene and

genial associations of Friedrichsruh brought precious compensations. The country people were proud of their great neighbor, and continually bestowed upon him such humble tokens of their affection as farmyard and garden and forest yielded. During my visit, there was brought to the prince a prettily arranged basket of *Waldmeister* (woodruff), attached to which was a label. He read it, and turning to me said, with a smile of genuine pleasure, "The people are very kind. Some one has just made me this present. We use it for the *Maibowle*" (a beverage of which white wine is the chief component). To such attentions he was very susceptible, and they helped to make the tie between him and the Sachsenwald so strong that in death he would not allow it to be severed. He chose to be buried on the Schneckenberg from no ill-humor or whim, but because he knew that there he would always be among his friends.

A more delicate episode must be touched on here, and fairness requires the admission that the last word has not yet been said upon the subject by those most nearly concerned. It will be fresh in every memory how, early in March of 1890, the report got abroad that between the Emperor William II. and his chancellor difference of opinion had arisen. Before many hours had passed it became known definitely that the difference was acute, though now as then the actual cause was obscure. Then came talk of resignation; followed quickly by the act itself, and by the issue of an imperial rescript confirming it, yet also notifying the bestowal of new titular honors upon the retiring minister. Great as was the trouble taken to allow Bismarck's renunciation of office to bear the semblance of voluntary retirement, public suspicion was not satisfied, and soon so much of the bald truth leaked out as made it clear that the severance of

emperor and chancellor had on one side been unwilling, on neither side amicable. The publication by Doctor Busch, on the day following Prince Bismarck's death, of the letter in which the virtual summons to resign was issued, has pointed the *f's* and crossed the *t's* of one passage in a deplorable story. I refer to the emperor's decision (as King of Prussia) to supersede the Cabinet Order of 1852, regulating the relationship of Ministers of State to the Crown. Under that order the relationship was made mediate (through the president of the cabinet), rather than immediate, an arrangement held to be necessary in the interest of unity and continuity of policy, and to be an inevitable consequence of the doctrine of ministerial responsibility laid down in the new Prussian constitution. But this was not the only question at issue. Another point of discord was the summoning of the Berlin Labor Conference, to which Prince Bismarck was opposed from a fear that its result would be to place additional burdens upon industry, which the insurance laws had already, in his opinion, harassed enough; while another was the abandonment of the Socialist Law.

That Prince Bismarck was strongly opposed to the discontinuance of the exceptional law against the Socialists I heard from his own lips. His hostility to the Social-Democratic movement was, in fact, not more bitter than the Socialists themselves allege, and if the latter endorse the saying which left Heine in one of his blackest moods, that there is no pleasure on earth so delightful as that of following your enemy to his grave, the last fortnight must have been a time of high glee for the political party which Bismarck consistently harried for twelve years.

The truth is, that even if it had been possible to patch up the first quarrel

between the emperor and his chancellor, a dissolution would have inevitably come later. For Bismarck had been too long in harness to adapt himself to new conditions of service; he had grown too familiar with the "policy of the free hand" to accommodate himself to restrictions; he had become too adept in the ways and secrets of astute statecraft to take lessons from his pupil. Speaking with a brilliant member of the academic circle of Berlin about this time, I asked his opinion of the resignation incident. He shook his head as he replied, "Well, Bismarck is right and the emperor is right. But," he added, "we could have wished that it had all been done differently." These words undoubtedly voiced the better opinion of Germany. Not only so, but the emperor happily came round to the same view. He, too, lived to recognize that the same end might have been gained by other means; it might "all have been done differently." Common justice, however, compels the admission that he did all he could to atone for the precipitous mistake of forcing his grandfather's and his father's chancellor to retire into private life against his will, and amid circumstances which gave his enemies only too great cause for uncharitable jubilation.

Was Prince Bismarck, then, ever conciliated? Did those repeated imperial journeys to Canossa win for the pilgrim pardon? It is to be feared not. Too much has, perhaps, been made of various incidents connected with the emperor's thoughtful homage to the dead at Friedrichsruh, yet the truth remains that the manner of his *congé* rankled in Prince Bismarck's breast to the last, a grievance which all the polite phrases and professions of loyalty with which he met the emperor's later attentions failed to conceal.

The idea that there was ever any

probability of Bismarck's returning to office is groundless. Even yet the legend lingers that when the deposed chancellor left Berlin, amid an imposing manifestation of popular sympathy, he replied with an oracular equivocation to the cry of "You will return?" But it is a legend and nothing more. When the prince went to Friedrichsruh in March, 1890, he went there for good and all. "People make a great mistake," he said to me at his own table, "when they talk about my returning to office. They seem to think that it is simply necessary to call me and I will go at once. But they forget that I am a gentleman; they forget what I owe to myself, to my honor." The words were said, not in any spirit of animosity, but rather with a quiet yet firm dignity, which made their significance the greater. It is true that Bismarck was wont to declare that never during the whole period of his laborious tenure of office did he enjoy such *joie de vivre* as during his retirement, and that those who most triumphed over his fall were his best friends, yet no one who has read between the lines of his post-official utterances can doubt that his inaction was a constant source of disappointment and chagrin, and that he would rather have remained in office with its cares and animosities than have been relegated to privacy with its uneventful tedium and stagnation.

In this partial characterization of the Herculean figure which has just passed into the shades, no attempt has been made to estimate the value of his political achievements. Indeed, though these long ago became part of history, the task would be one of enormous difficulty. For are we even yet able to understand the significance, not merely for Germany, but for Europe and civilization at large, of the two great wars by whose blood and fire the union of twenty-six German

states was consummated? A German Empire is the result! No doubt! But also a disintegrated and weakened Austria, a demoralized France which cannot get itself together again, a new colonial power, a rival in international commerce which is threatening English supremacy in all parts of the world, a new lease of life to the most oppressive militarism which the world has ever known, a Social Democratic movement of vast moment, whose ultimate outcome only the fates know. These, too, are among the positive results of Bismarck's statesmanship. Had he not lived, or had his great work never been done, the negative side of the picture would doubtless have been equally striking, and equally suggestive to the speculative mind.

Much has been written of late about the prince's memoirs, and it will not be amiss to recall some words which he addressed to me on the subject more than six years ago. "I shall not publish anything during my lifetime," he said. "There are so many events of which I am now the only living witness, and you will see how the publication of memoirs while I live would land me in every manner of polemic, and that, at my advanced age, I could not stand. But I shall leave papers and memoranda to my children, who will deal with them after I am gone. For the rest, I trust to history." "And history is just and speaks truth," I ventured to say, as our conversation drew to a close. "Yes," he repeated, "history is just, but her judgments always tarry long—it may be thirty, forty years. Yet history is just."

It was clear that he was contented to leave his work to the judgment of posterity and to abide by the result. And safely he may! History will, in due time, take proper account of this prodigious product of the nineteenth century, this man of mighty will and marvellous resource, strong in word,

far-seeing in counsel, decisive in deed,  
 ever patient to wait on events, ever  
 quick to take occasion by the hand; a  
 man not free from weaknesses, nor in-

capable of error, yet in all his public  
 conduct and policy inspired by the  
 high motives of fidelity to his sover-  
 eign master and devotion to his land.

Fortnightly Review.

*William Harbutt Dawson.*

### THE ROSE HAS FLUSHED RED.

The rose has flushed red, the bud has burst,  
 And drunk with joy is the nightingale—  
 Hail, Sufis! lovers of wine, all hail!  
 For wine is proclaimed to a world athirst.  
 Like a rock your repentance seemed to you;  
 Behold the marvel! of what avail  
 Was your rock, for a goblet has cleft it in two!

Bring wine for the king and the slave at the gate;  
 Alike for all is the banquet spread,  
 And drunk and sober are warmed and fed.  
 When the feast is done and the night grows late,  
 And the second door of the tavern gapes wide,  
 The low and the mighty must bow the head  
 'Neath the archway of Life, to meet what . . . outside?

Except thy road through affliction pass,  
 None may reach the halting-station of mirth;  
 God's treaty: Am I not Lord of the earth?  
 Man sealed with a sigh: Ah yes, alas!  
 Nor with Is nor Is Not let thy mind contend;  
 Rest assured all perfection of mortal birth  
 In the great Is Not at the last shall end.

From the Divan of Hafiz.

*Gertrude Leuthian Bell, Translator.*

### A GUTTER MERCHANT.

"Umbrella ring, sir?"

It was a gusty day in early March.  
 The east wind tore with hurricane  
 force along the Strand, filling the loose  
 cover of my umbrella until it re-  
 sembled a half-open parachute.

"Key rings! Laces!—Yes, sir; um-  
 brella ring—one penny, sir; thank  
 you."

I slipped the ring over the handle of

my refractory umbrella, and felt that  
 even a penny at times could save a  
 vast amount of inconvenience.

Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks!  
 rage! blow!  
 You cataracts and hurricanes—

I looked up sharply; it was the gut-  
 ter merchant who thus quoted the  
 bard.



There had been something in his manner of speech which had arrested my attention from the first moment I heard his voice. There was a refinement in the tone that seemed to be in ill-keeping with the man and his occupation. But to quote "Lear," and correctly!

My umbrella was now kept in bounds safe beneath the restraining rubber.

Let winds be shrill, let wave roll high,  
I fear not wave nor wind.

Again the gutter merchant. Byron, and "Childe Harold!"

I scanned him curiously, carefully tucking the new edition of the *Rubáiyát* I had just purchased under my arm to excuse my hesitation.

"Omar Khayyám, I see, sir!" He smiled and nodded towards the book. "A sweet singer—aye, a sweet singer," he added softly, almost reverently.

I was startled. What manner of man was this to sell boot-laces and such trifles in the gutter of a London street?

His clothes were old but clean and tidy. No two buttons of his coat or vest were alike in pattern, but there were none missing. There were numerous patches in all his outer garments, but no holes, no tatters. His boots, moreover, were polished till my own looked dingy by comparison. I was becoming interested. I raised my hand to my clean-shaven chin and looked at him boldly but curiously. His eyes followed mine; intelligent eyes, with just a suspicion of a merry twinkle in their brown depths. Then my eyes fell till they rested on his shaggy, straggling beard. I saw his hand—a white, refined hand, I had time to notice—go up to his beard and tug at it sharply.

"Beards are an abomination, but shaving is a luxury," he said.

"Omar Khayyám is a luxury, too, my friend," I responded.

"Yes, for such as I," came the reply, with just a tinge of bitterness.

I felt sorry I had spoken so carelessly.

"It swallowed up the profit on a lot of umbrella rings to buy it," he said, pulling out of his coat pocket another copy of the *Rubáiyát*.

"A week of short commons, since repaid by a continual feast," he said, tapping the cover lovingly; and then, with the glitter of the poet enthusiast in his eye, he quoted:—

A book of verses underneath the bough,  
A jug of wine, a loaf of bread—and thou  
Beside me singing in the wilderness.  
Oh! Wilderness were Paradise enow!

"Laces! key rings! umbrella rings!" He had moved on to fresh customers.

I thought for a moment and then reluctantly went on my way.

"This world is a curious place, Louis," I remarked to my friend Lambient as we sat smoking after dinner that same evening.

"Queen Anne is dead," he murmured, blowing out a cloud of smoke and watching it as it curled and weaved above him in steel blue rings.

I ignored the sneer. It was Louis' way; he, the smart junior of an old firm of lawyers, was sometimes too smart to be pleasant.

"I bought an umbrella ring from a gutter merchant to-day who quoted Shakespeare, Byron and Omar Khayyám while I waited."

I paused to give Louis the opportunity of showing an interest in my curious "find."

He yawned.

"My dear Hal," he said slowly. "London is full of such commonplace people. The real curiosity is the man who is not a curiosity." He lay back in his

easy-chair to give me a chance of reflecting on his paradox.

After a short pause he went on:—

"Find a man who *always* fits his place like the round peg in a round hole—a man with one nature, with not an idea or attribute above or below his environment—then label him "valuable," and place him in a museum of rare curios. He would be worth it, my friend—he would, indeed."

"I deny," I said sharply, "that my 'find' is commonplace. Just reflect—a poetical gutter merchant!"

"Ah! it is only a question of degree; he may not be so common a type as the caddish nobleman, the lying parson, or the studious scavenger, but he is commonplace nevertheless."

There was another pause. Then Louis sat up in his chair.

"Do you know, Hal, I have long wished to meet a fool?"

"Most lawyers have the same desire," I interrupted.

"A fool," he went on undisturbed, "who is always a fool. I have met a few really capital fools, but sooner or later they have all, save one, ceased to interest me, because they inconsistently had sensible intervals. The consistent one-natured man is a rarity."

"You admit finding one?"

"Yes, a client of ours. Don't reply that that proves the case; it is too obvious a retort and lacking in humor."

"He commenced life early as a fool," Louis resumed, "persevered, and is still in the same line of business, if I can judge from our experience of him. A man named Withington. In his very young days he fell madly in love with the most notorious flirt in the Midlands. He was too great a fool to realize that she was fooling him. In due course he proposed, but she laughed his love to scorn."

"Still consistent, he persevered till she killed his hopes by marrying a flash adventurer with little money and

less character. Had Withington had but one sensible interval he would have gayly laughed and become 'an intimate friend of the family.' He left England, however, confiding his affairs to my firm. We heard occasionally from him, and having realized all his assets by his instructions, forwarded, from time to time, remittances to his Continental quarters. He evidently went the pace, for the comparatively large sum we had held rapidly dwindled under his repeated calls. At last he returned. His foolishness was still with him, for his first inquiry was for the woman who had ridiculed his love.

"The cruelty of her husband had weakened her mind, until, when he died a felon, she became mad and was confined in a pauper lunatic asylum."

"This we told him, but the fool immediately instructed us to find a private home for her, and to invest and take in trust such of his capital as would provide this for her till her death."

"There was little or nothing left for Withington after this had been settled. We never hear from him now, but we occasionally send him reports as to her well-being under cover to an address we have."

"Now I call that man a consistent fool," Louis said decisively; "a greater curiosity than your peddler, and a man with one nature."

"Yes," I answered, "a nature to be envied."

We drifted into other matters and the peddler was forgotten.

For many days I stopped, as opportunity came, to speak with the gutter merchant. He resented curiosity, I soon discovered, but was willing, nay, eager, to speak of books—always books—never of himself.

It was a strange acquaintance, but it ripened as my inquisitiveness grew. For his part he saw in me only a fel-

low-lover of books, and not a spy into the mystery surrounding him.

One day, with much misgiving, I ventured to ask him to dine with me. The flush that came into my face did not escape his notice, for a cloud came into his eyes and a momentary frown appeared on his brow. He smiled faintly the next minute, and, looking somewhat slyly at his clothes, thanked me and declined.

Then his eyes rose to mine clear and steady, and, looking at me intently, he said:—

"You are welcome to my attic, sir, if you would like to see my library."

There was an unmistakable emphasis on the concluding words that left no doubt at to his meaning.

I paid many visits to his attic in one of the courts off Drury Lane, and the first feeling of wonder at the numerous and select books which littered his tidy one room never left me. The peddler was a man of taste and education; beyond doubt a man sadly out of place in that attic off Drury Lane and the Strand gutter. But he never satisfied my ever-growing curiosity. Once he answered the inquiry in my eyes as I looked first at him and then at a squalid crowd in the court below, by quoting his beloved Rubáiyát:—

The worldly hope men set their hearts upon

Turns ashes—or it prospers; and anon,  
Like snow upon the desert's dusty face  
Lighting a little hour or two—is gone.

I eagerly seized the opening he gave me.

"How came—these ashes—Mr. —" I paused.

"Tom," he said.

"Mr. Tom," I corrected.

"No, plain Tom," came swiftly in cold tones; "that is *quite* sufficient."

I bit my lips. I understood the rebuke and said no more.

I have been with him when he dined. Ye gods! dined! Bread and cheese,

never more, washed down with water, and I dare not offer him the means for better fare.

Truly he was a strange fellow, but a *man*, if ever one lived.

The summer came with its stifling heat, and went; the autumn too was rapidly giving place to winter's chill, that horror of the half-clad gutter merchants. Tom, as I had got to call him, changed not, neither did his clothing.

Through heat and cold he wore the same, a proof he had none other.

I had occasion to leave town for a month in November, and on my return passed down the Strand to chat with Tom. He was not there. I turned that way again on the next day and on the next, but he still was missing. I stood on the curb and pondered. Was he ill?—perhaps dead!

"Yer a lookin' fer Shakespeare Tom, ain't yer, guv'ner?"

I turned and saw the grinning face of a paper boy whose "pitch" was next to Tom's.

"He's a injying of 'isself, 'e is," the boy laughed outright. "Bin drunk fer a week, lor luv yer."

I could have struck that boy in the face as he thus shattered my idol.

Slowly I made my way to Tom's attic. Even as I reached his door I heard him quoting Omar Khayyám, but the voice was thick, the tone changed; there was a hiccup here and there which sadly destroyed the "sweet singer":—

Yesterday this day's madness did prepare;  
To-morrow's silence, triumph, or despair;

Drink! for you know not whence you came, nor why;  
Drink! for you know not why you go, nor where.

I opened the door. Was that Tom who, with all the fire and clear light of intelligence in his eyes quenched by drink, bade me enter?

"Pryin'—hic—as—usual—hic—eh?"

I turned on my heel and left him, nor returned again till a week had passed.

God forgive me for being such a coward! I might have saved him, for now he was dying.

"A spell of hard drinking on a half-starved stomach," was the doctor's comment, shrugging his shoulders, as he and I together watched the wasted grey face of Shakespeare Tom.

"He won't last till to-morrow."

Tom opened his eyes and saw me. A smile flickered across his lips, and in a scarcely audible voice he murmured:—

For some we loved, the lovellest and  
the best  
That from his vintage rolling Time  
hath prest,  
Have drunk their cup a round or two  
before,  
And one by one crept silently to rest.

He put out his hand and faintly gripped mine—the grip of friendship he meant it for—and I turned away my face so that no one might see it. Hour after hour I watched the shadows deepening; the grey mask of death coming slowly; and his hand was still in mine.

Once I watched his lips move, and then I caught a soft murmur:—

Temple Bar.

Repentance fling:

The bird of time has but a little way  
To flutter—and the bird is on the wing.

Then a long sigh, and I knew the bird was truly on the wing—the soul of Shakespeare Tom had taken flight.

"William Withington is his full name, I believe," said the doctor at my elbow with open note-book in hand.

I said "Yes." I knew not why, but with the flood of light that seemed to suddenly illumine that dead body and the attic came conviction.

On my way home, pondering over that strange man, I fell in with Lambient. He stopped me.

"You remember that consistent, curious fool Withington, I told you of?"

I nodded wearily.

"His old flame died a month ago."

"Oh!" I simply said.

"We have sent him the balance of the 'trust.' I'll bet you a fiver he will still be consistent, and play the fool with the money."

"No," I said, moving away, "he's dead!" and in my mind rose still one more stanza of the Persian:—

Why all the saints and sages who discuss'd  
Of the two worlds so wisely—they are thrust  
Like foolish prophets forth; their words  
to scorn  
Are scattered, and their mouths are  
stopt with—dust.

*Harry Hesford.*

## SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES.

Some little time since I chanced to be at sunset in a long and many-windowed west-facing gallery. As the sun swung round and down towards the horizon, the brilliant light died out in window after window. Finally, and, as it seemed, with dis-

turbing suddenness, the last was obscured, and dusk settled down in the place.

It occurred to me then that this gallery typified our century. In a Versailles we may chase for a time the sunlight from room to room, but in our

outside world fate, with rare artistic instinct, seems to round off the period a thought mercilessly, and leaves us with few of the old familiar faces, the old and trusted landmarks.

Burne-Jones, who lived to enjoy the greatest fame accorded to any of his school, was not one of its founders, nor yet one of its earliest upholders. Three of the original Pre-Raphaelites remain with us; of them only one still paints, but he is the only one steadfast to the old canons—the old rules of all, I may call them. Of the first disciples I can only call to mind Mr. Arthur Hughes. He was a Pre-Raphaelite almost before Burne-Jones began his work, and his pictures still retain some of the old savor—some of the “look” of Pre-Raphaelism.

Burne-Jones, who was born in the abused city of Birmingham, was, by some years, younger than the youngest of the Brethren. Moreover, neither his early environment nor his immediately subsequent training assisted him towards the precocious development that distinguished the members of the Brotherhood. His early education at King Edward's School in the city of his birth gave him knowledge and love of the classical myths. Parental influence drove him towards the Established Church. In a school distinguished for clever scholars he won an exhibition, a fact which would lead us to believe that his scholastic capabilities were more considerable than those of any of the other Pre-Raphaelites. This was in 1852, when the Brotherhood had already lived through several years of a struggling existence.

At Oxford, whither his scholarship took him, he met with his life-long friend, William Morris. At Oxford, too, was Mr. Combe, a man whose name should be gratefully remembered as one whose taste led him to help with purse and voice the strug-

gling movement. Combe possessed Rossetti's “Dante Painting the Portrait of Beatrice,” as well as one or two pictures by Mr. Holman Hunt—the famous “Light of the World” among them.

With these pictures to inspire him and Morris to abet him in his resistance to the attractions of Divinity studentship, Burne-Jones began to indulge in dreams of an artistic life. At what date he first used his pencil I do not actually know. I remember seeing, among a number of odds and ends in Madox-Brown's portfolios, a two-figure sketch by Burne-Jones, which was amongst those first shown to Rossetti. The sketch afterwards disappeared, but, as far as I can remember, it was dated 1854. It struck me as being a recognizable essay in the style of Rossetti, and a very remarkable achievement for an absolutely untutored draughtsman. Mr. William Rossetti informs me that his brother styled Burne-Jones's earliest drawing “Düreresque.” And, writing to W. B. Scott in 1857, Rossetti adds: “Jones's designs are unequalled by anything—except, perhaps, by Albert Dürer's finest works.” In any case, the tendency of these early drawings was towards the archaic.

In 1855 appeared William Allingham's “The Music Master,” and tradition has it that Rossetti's design for the poem called “The Maids of Elfinmere” so excited the admiration of Burne-Jones that he determined without delay to make himself known to the artist. Morris had already made Rossetti's acquaintance—I believe at the house of Mr. Combe. Burne-Jones, however, felt so much of a young man's diffidence that, even though he attended one of Rossetti's classes, he could not bring himself to speak to the master until he was subsequently introduced to him by Mr. Vernon Lushington, who at that date gave much of



his time to writing upon Pre-Raphaelite subjects.<sup>1</sup>

Rossetti's appreciation of Burne-Jones's drawings was so immediate and so great that without any hesitation he urged—we may even say commanded—the neophyte's instant secession from the ranks of the Church's recruits.

That Rossetti should have advised a step of such a momentous kind speaks loudly for his admiration of Burne-Jones's work. Rossetti, it is true, was still full of youthful enthusiasm, but he had the bitter experience of some seven or eight years of struggle and strife to make him aware of the gravity of the abandonment he advised. Burne-Jones elected to make him his guide, but not without searching of the spirit and not without parental disapproval.

Then began a season of endurance, relieved by friendship alone. I suppose a better band of brothers was never known than was that in which Burne-Jones now enlisted. But for that very brotherliness, it would have gone hard with many a famous artist.

Rossetti had in Burne-Jones an ideal pupil, and prescribed for him the rules of his ideal novitiate. There was to be: first, a period devoted to the mastery of materials, of observance of his master's setting to work; then attempts at literal transcription; then a study of the works and methods of the masters of antiquity; and, finally, a strenuous working out of the artist's own individuality. This was precisely the course that Rossetti had heard enjoined by his own master.

Madox-Brown. As we know, Rossetti had found the diligent following out of it altogether too irksome. But, in all things a better friend to others than to himself, he watched over Burne-Jones's development with single-hearted devotion. He allowed him the run of his studio and the use of his models; made him his daily companion and studied with him. The rapid progress that Burne-Jones showed in his work must have amply rewarded whatever sacrifice his master made. To his great innate talents he added an indomitable perseverance—a determination and a fervor rarely equalled.

His first finished design, "The Waxed Image," I do not remember having seen. The subject was, of course, suggested by Rossetti's "ghastly ballad," "Sister Helen," which was written in 1853, although not actually published for some years. The earliest letters from Burne-Jones to Madox-Brown which I have in my keeping make frequent mention of Rossetti's reading his poems. "Sister Helen," in particular, strikes Burne-Jones as "glorious stuff." But though the "Waxed Image" was his first finished design, I believe that his first efforts were given to the background<sup>2</sup> of that delightful work, the "Merciful Knight," the figures in which were not added until seven years later—1863.

In 1857 Rossetti went to Oxford to commence the tempera paintings in the Union Debating Room, and thither Burne-Jones accompanied him. Rossetti began his work there at the beginning of the Long Vacation of 1857, and during the greater part of the

<sup>1</sup> This must, I think, have been in 1856, not 1855, as is stated by Mr. Bell in his "Sir Edward Burne-Jones: a Record and Review." Rossetti's connection with the Working Men's College began in the later year. The first mention of Burne-Jones that is discoverable in any letter of Rossetti that I have seen is in one written to Madox-Brown on June 6, 1856.

<sup>2</sup> Writers on Burne-Jones delight to retell a dramatic anecdote of the way in which Rossetti applauded this piece of work. Rossetti, it is stated, had given Burne-Jones a number of his own drawings

for purposes of study. Coming into his pupil's room one day and observing Jones painting this background, he called at once for his own drawings, and tore them in half beneath Jones's despairing eyes. It is to be understood that he wished to intimate that his pupil had no more to learn from him. As a matter of fact, dramatic action of that sort would have been peculiarly foreign to Rossetti's nature. It is more probable that he remarked, "Why, my dear Ned you've got nothing more to learn from those blessed scrawls of mine — tear 'em up."

time Burne-Jones was certainly with him. In the catalogue of Burne-Jones's works, appended to Mr. Bell's book, the date ascribed to the tempera "Merlin and Nimue" in 1858. But, as far as I am aware, the patience of the Oxford Union did not live until the latter year, and the works of several of the workers were left unfinished and have now vanished from sight.

It was a joyous time for the painters who, though they gave their services unhired, were yet luxuriously sustained by the Union Society. Among their number were Burne-Jones, William Morris, Mr. Arthur Hughes, Mr. Spencer Stanhope, and Mr. Val Prinsep—all disciples of Rossetti. They were all of them light-heartedly ignorant of even so much as the fitting materials for wall-painting. Rossetti has been saddled with the responsibility for the choice of sized tempera upon a surface of limewash. And when we think of Rossetti's masterful methods we may not feel inclined to quarrel with the rumor. The limewash soaked up large quantities of costly coloring, and the work of all those young men "with the vine-leaves in their hair" has long since disappeared. But the episode might almost be compared for joyousness with the feasts at the Mermaid: Rossetti with his glowing enthusiasm, "four-square" Morris with his bludgeon-wit, Burne-Jones with a gentle strain of never-lacking humor, with the others who are still with us, and with Swinburne for a constant inmate of the workroom, must have made up a company difficult to match at any time. Rossetti himself wrote to Madox-Brown, "It is very jolly work, but really one is mad to do such things."

To Burne-Jones was assigned a wall-space that was not even level, and which was marred by a string-course of bricks running across its upper surface; but he attacked the problem of

its treatment with as much zeal as he brought to the facing of the many other technical difficulties that beset him.

In 1858 he made his first serious attempt at painting in oils on a panel for a cabinet which remained at Kelmscott House until Morris's death. I remember to have seen some earlier oil-studies—one sketch for a Sir Tristram—which were quite recognizably attempts to gain a knowledge of the medium. But the "Prioress' Tale" shows very little want of skill as far as actual painting is concerned.

During 1859 he produced a series of pen-and-ink drawings on vellum, which included the exquisite "King's Daughters." Whether he executed in other media any works which have since been lost trace of, or whether he was for the time discouraged, I do not feel certain. Perhaps the fact that in the autumn of this year he made his first pilgrimage to Italy might lead us to believe that he felt that his time for the study of the old masters was now at hand.

In Italy he was most moved by the works at Siena, where he spent some months. I do not think that his art was much changed by this visit. As a matter of fact, he was so much under the influence of Rossetti that—so I have heard said—he chiefly sought for works that might have influenced his master. On his return, in 1860, he painted the lovely figures of "Sidonla" and "Clara von Bork." Meinhold's romances had great power over the minds of the Pre-Raphaelites, and Burne-Jones certainly caught the infection to some purpose. In later days "Sidonla the Sorceress" was one of the publications of that Kelmscott Press to which Morris and Burne-Jones devoted so much care and genius. In the same year he again attempted tempera-painting, at the "Red House" which Morris had built for himself at Upton.

Rossetti, perhaps grown wiser, preferred to paint his "*Salutatio Beatrix*" upon the panels of a door. The fact may be regarded as the first assertion of Burne-Jones's own individuality—he preferring to attempt again the solution of a problem insufficiently fascinating for his master. Indeed, with 1860 Burne-Jones may be said to have outgrown his tutelage. The drawing of the "*Parable of the Burning Pot*" would of itself be sufficient to demonstrate as much. Its beauties and its strength by so far outbalance its weaknesses that it might easily be styled the work of a great master. It must, however, be remembered that pen-and-ink drawing was the branch of his art to which he had devoted the most attention and the greatest amount of time.

By the end of 1860 Burne-Jones was accepted as an equal by most of the associates of the Pre-Raphaelite coterie. He was one of the first members of the Hogarth Club, was the intimate friend of Rossetti, Madox-Brown and Arthur Hughes, and of Morris and Swinburne. Moreover, he "shared the patrons" with them all; he was introduced to the Dalziels, and worked for their Bible and for Good Words, sold pictures to Mr. Plint, to Mr. Bodley, and subsequently to Mr. Rae, Mr. Miller, Mr. Leathart, and the other great patrons of the circle.

Then, too, in 1860 the firm of Morris, Marshall, Faulkner & Co. was in existence. Even before its inception, Burne-Jones, like Madox-Brown and other of the members, had designed stained glass for Messrs. Powell & Co., and more or less elaborate articles of furniture for himself and his friends. The firm—apart from the work it "turned out"—is interesting on account of its members. Seven in number (like the original English Pre-Raphaelites), they included all the leaders of that

later movement which an inaccurate world has insisted on dubbing "*Pre-Raphaelite*." Yet the supporters of Estheticism had among them only one of the original Pre-Raphaelites and no upholder of the old laws. For Rossetti himself had, by that time, abandoned his earliest style and inclined towards works like his "*Lucrezia Borgia*" and its contemporaries.

For Morris & Co. Burne-Jones made a prodigious number of cartoons for stained glass, which alone would be sufficient to rank him among the highest of masters. It would be difficult to conceive anything more effective or more adapted to the mode of expression than the "*Nativity*" and "*Crucifixion*" in the east window of St. Philip's Church, Birmingham, to name but one of that vast series. One is almost tempted to declare them the highest attainment of the artist, almost of the century. Prolific as Madox-Brown was in designs for the same purpose, I doubt whether, during the time of his connection with the "firm," he produced more than one-half the number that Burne-Jones achieved during the same period. It is possible that immediate needs may have conduced to this end. For some years Burne-Jones must have been under the necessity of relying for his earnings upon these very cartoons—though to none of them that I have seen would it be possible to give the name of "*pot-boller*."

A month after the day that saw the union of Rossetti and Eleanor Siddall, Burne-Jones married Miss Georgina Macdonald—a lady whose face is familiar to all lovers of her husband's works. She is the sister of Lady Poynter and of Mrs. Kipling, the mother of Mr. Rudyard Kipling. To her love for music, and particularly for the old French songs, of the "*Echos du Temps Passé*," we may trace the inspiration of pictures like the "*Chant d'Amour*," with its motto:—

*Hélas je sais un chant d'amour,  
Triste ou gai, tour à tour.*

In 1862 Burne-Jones made his second visit to Italy. Mr. Ruskin, who was then suffering from a serious attack of depression, took advantage of his society, giving him, in return for heartening companionship, the benefit of his advice. At that time it took the form of advising him to copy Tintoretto. Thus, finally, Burne-Jones seems to have sacrificed to the orthodox deities, and, like any other national gallery student, to have copied the "old masters." I must confess myself unable to trace any influence of Tintoretto in any of Burne-Jones's subsequent work—in any, that is, that I have seen—so that Mr. Ruskin's panegyric of Titian's great rival would seem to me to have left this nineteenth-century peer of the masters of all time comparatively unaffected.

But there is no doubt that the experience was extremely valuable. It is easy to trace in Burne-Jones's work the influence of artists whose pictures are only to be seen in any number in Italy, and Mr. Ruskin's fire and eloquence, unbalanced as they have always been, may possibly have been better in some ways than solitary study in places like Rimini and Siena.

It must not, however, be imagined that Burne-Jones allowed himself to be overwhelmed by Ruskin's appreciations or dislikes. Ruskin loudly upheld Tintoretto; Burne-Jones, with quiet and subtle persistence, advanced the claims of Carpaccio, whom Ruskin affected to condemn. But we find Ruskin writing to "Dear old Ned," in after years, and acknowledging that "this Carpaccio is a new world to me." Carpaccio and Bellini, indeed, may be said to have seriously influenced Burne-Jones himself. On his return he did work like the "Merciful Knight," a picture in parts of which

reminiscences of the Venice of the Quattrocentists are particularly observable. Indeed his "Theophilus and Dorothea," and his Whitley "St. George" series, seem to be directly inspired by Carpaccio's "Ursula" and "St. George."

The remainder of Burne-Jones's life was given up to the gradual development of his powers. Not until five years later did he rely much upon oils for expression, nor was it until 1864 that, at the exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water-Colors, he came before the public as an exhibitor. The fact that his works, when noticed, were received with ridicule need not be emphasized. His contributions were "Fair Rosamond," a charming little drawing; "Cinderella;" the "Merciful Knight," unsurpassed in its way; and the second version of the "Annunciation." Pre-Raphaelism had by this time fought its hard fight—it was even shaking the Royal Academy, and filling the public prints with projects and rumors of reform; but Estheticism was a new growth, and even so staunch a friend to Pre-Raphaelite painters as the critic of the *Athenæum* seems to have found something new and strange in the works of the coming master. It is only fair to say that that gentleman was fully conscious of the promise of genius, yet it is a little amusing to read such an absolute misinterpretation of an unfamiliar pose as is enshrined in the notice of "No. 200":—

Enjoying to the utmost the color of the "Annunciation," we protest against the *minauderie* of the angel Gabriel, who, with the air of a French *modiste*, "presents" the lily to the amazed little Virgin. The frivolity of the figure is obvious. Mr. Jones is capable of graver thoughts.

As a matter of fact, given a slight temporary lack of "graver thoughts" and an absolute unfamiliarity with the

"look" of Mr. Jones's work on the part of the critic, it might be possible for him to thus misconstrue the painter's meaning. The *Spectator*, on the other hand, which had at one time been the Pre-Raphaelite organ, damns him without faint praise, but utters the pious hope that the companionship of the older members of the O. W. S. may wean him from the follies imbibed with Pre-Raphaelite milk.

It was not until the Grosvenor Gallery exhibition of 1877 that any really great impression was made. There he was represented by the "Beguiling of Merlin," the "Days of Creation," and "Venus' Mirror." At the Grosvenor Gallery he continued to exhibit his works for some ten years. Indeed, the ultimate disappearance of that undertaking may be set down to his defection. In 1877 his following was small though enthusiastic. The 'seventies were the fat years of Estheticism. The press—which at the beginning of the period was, as a rule, rabid—gradually changed its tone, and we may, perhaps, accept its fulminations as voicing the public mind of those days. The *Athenæum*, in 1877, continued to temper its praise with chastening heat, the *Spectator* remaining cheerfully damnatory. But in 1885 we find the latter organ upbraiding the Royal Academicians for attempting to bolster up their tottering house with the works of one "whose spring-time blossoms its wintry blast had nipped."

In 1886 Burne-Jones made his sole appearance at the Academy, contributing the picture of a mermaid and her victim, which used to be called the "Depths of the Sea." I believe the name of it has since been altered. He never afterward lightened the gloom of Burlington House, and, as we know, he subsequently made room for more condescending men. His connection with exhibitions was never over-fortunate. The Hogarth Club, where the

first of his works appeared, was short-lived. The obtuseness of the members of the Old Water-Color Society caused him to sever his connection with them in 1864, though in that year he actually exhibited along with them. He was afterwards induced to allow himself to be re-elected. Various circumstances caused him to abandon the Grosvenor Gallery, and his union with the Academy was so ill-assorted that its discontinuance was inevitable. His connection with the new gallery was, however, an exception.

His career in his later years was a tranquil but triumphal progress, and honors, like the gentle rain from heaven, fell upon him unrestrained. At the time of his death, if he had done his best work, he had certainly not exhausted his vein, and no signs of a failing hand troubled him.

For any one who was not a constant inmate of Burne-Jones's studio it is an almost impossible task to trace in his pictures any ordered development of style. Once out of his absolute novitiate and past his years of devotion to Rossetti, he took upon him a manner almost entirely his own. It was a manner, reminiscent or suggestive of others, but it had more than sufficient of individual salt to save it from the corruption of mere imitativeness. It is obviously easy to distinguish between the style of, say, the "King Cophetua," which was finished in 1884, and that which gave us the "Sidonia von Bork" of 1860. But such a work as the "Wine of Circe" is more difficult to approach. It was commenced in 1860, whilst the artist was still more or less timidly tentative, but was finished as late as 1869-70, when he had attained to a stage of brilliant experimentalism. It was Burne-Jones's habit to have a large number of works always on the easel. Perhaps want of patrons may have formed, in early days, a habit that, later, became confirmed and, as



it were, constitutional. Then, too, Burne-Jones's work was never altogether equal in level. He was one of those happy men who remain learners to their lives' ends, and he was peculiarly prone to make experiments, which were all so many casts-aside from the ordered progress of less wayward masters.

A man who considers, as he did, that he has to overtake the flying feet of a decade and a half of years of an early manhood not devoted to his art may perhaps be pardoned for attempting short cuts to mastery. I am not altogether certain that his experiments were such attempts. They may have been the effects of remembered impressions, for he was singularly open to the influence of reminiscences, and they seem to have acted upon him with all the force that actual surroundings produce upon other men.

Whatever be the real explanation of these points, the student of development is none the less presented with difficulties. It would not be impossible to meet with a work by Burne-Jones which had been begun in 1860 or thereabouts, and had been worked upon at intervals of varying wideness up to the year 1890. It might conceivably be sufficiently like the original design; it might contain drapery (the product of 1872 or thereabouts) strongly early Italian in flight of lines; it might be distinguished by that paleness or soberness of color-scheme that the artist affected in his later periods; and yet the whole might be brought together and harmonized in color and composition with all the masterliness that was his at the last.

Extreme though this case might be, it would not be impossible that some such work should have escaped exhibition and record or catalogue. Lacking it, there are examples enough to fall back upon. Take the truly magnificent "*Laus Veneris*." The original

water-color was commenced in 1860-61, and, together with the large oil-picture begun in 1873, it was finished in 1878. In this particular design we are confronted by a beauty of composition and flow of line that the artist did **not** attain to until considerably later than the commencement date of this water-color. The scheme of color, however, might conceivably be relegated to the early 'sixties, at least, as far as the water-color is concerned. The tapestry in the background—indeed, the whole of the background itself—is doubtless a conception of early date.

Take, again, the "*Mirror of Venus*," or the "*Chant d'Amour*." Of the former the small oil version was begun in 1867, and was finished, together with the large replica (begun 1873), in 1877. The water-color of the "*Chant d'Amour*" was begun in 1865, the large oil picture in 1868, and the latter was not finished until 1877. The "*Hours*" series, begun in 1870, did not leave the easel until 1883; and instances might be multiplied even to weariness.

These long intervals did not mean that, like Holman Hunt or Madox-Brown, Burne-Jones was content to devote the greater portion of ten or eleven years' work to a single picture, nor were they altogether due to mere commercial reasons. Instead of preparing a small finished drawing that might beguile or be comprehensible to a wary purchaser—as most of Rossetti's circle were in the habit of doing—he frequently laid down a design from simple want of technical knowledge, taking it up again when he felt sufficiently strong. This was, of course, most frequently the case in early days.

A design which (perhaps for reasons of association) appeals to me almost more than any other—the "*Merciful Knight*"—actually had its background painted in the year 1857 or thereabouts. At that date Burne-Jones's education

was in so rudimentary a stage that he was still engaged in copying drawings of Rossetti, and did not dare to attempt the human figures, which, in this case, were added by degrees until the picture was finished in 1863, after his return from the land of Carpaccio and Simone Florentino. This, again, is perhaps somewhat of an extreme case. Obviously enough, such a work as the "Hours" was not laid aside from any lack of skill.

But, although it is difficult to trace any ordered development by means of individual pictures, it is not impossible to recognize certain broad outlines and certain isolated facts of Burne-Jones's artistic career. Without touching again upon the earliest stages of all—the stages of pen-and-ink drawings and so on, which continued, say, till 1859—one might class together the "Von Bork" designs (1860), the "King René's Honeymoon" (1861), the designing of the "Laus Veneris" (1861), the "Chess Players" (1862), and the "Merciful Knight" (1863). The early works of this period are characterized by a certain "crowding" of the composition, obvious faults rather than mannerisms of drawing, and brilliant but not invariably harmonious coloring. The "Chess Players" and the "Merciful Knight," however, seem to mark a transition stage. The composition begins to grow less complicated, the color more assured, and the influence of Rossetti, which is still apparent in the "Chess Players," has nearly disappeared from the "Merciful Knight." When we come to the first and second water-colors of "Cupid and Psyche" (1865 and 1867), the "Wine of Circe" (1863-69), the designs for the "Mirror of Venus" (1867), the "Chant d'Amour" (1868), and the water-color "Annunciation" (1870), we feel that the artist has reached a sure footing of his own. His color during that time remains bright, rich and harmoni-

ous; at times, as in the "King's Wedding" (1870), it becomes remarkably brilliant. This drawing, though by no means faultless, is yet tolerably assured, and his composition, though frequently experimental, does not leave much to be desired.

From this date onwards we may consider that the later Burne-Jones had been reached, the Burne-Jones of the "Love Among the Ruins," the "Briar Rose," the "Pan and Psyche," the "Mirror of Venus," and all the other masterpieces.

Later modifications are, of course, to be noticed. In the early 'seventies, for instance, we begin to notice the elaboration of the draperies which Burne-Jones so much affected. I must confess myself not wholly enamored of this feature of his later work. Perhaps painful childish memories of precious holiday mornings spent, pressed into service in a studio, and bidden to wet butter-muslin and drape it haphazard, again and again, on certain small wax models, may have biased me against it.

Again, towards the end of the 'seventies disinclination for bright schemes of color begins to manifest itself in a number of the pictures. We have works like the "Golden Stairs" (1876), which is practically a study in pale whites; the "Fortune" (1877-84), which is comparatively sober in tone; and so on until we reach a time when monochromes in pale blues and purples seem to have formed the artist's chief output.

I should be inclined to ascribe this change to a development of personal congeniality; but Mr. William Rossetti has given me another and a sufficiently startling reason. Towards the middle of the 'seventies Mr. Holman Hunt was vigorously agitating the subject of the durability of artists' colors, and Burne-Jones seems to have taken the matter very much to heart. In one of

his letters to Madox-Brown he asks anxiously what has been that painter's experience of certain colors and certain colormen. The letter is not dated, but it must have been written before 1873. Mr. William Rossetti is of opinion that the alarm which Mr. Hunt raised, acting upon the fear which Burne-Jones had already conceived, led him to develop a liking either for pale keys of color or for monochromes. In both cases slight changes of color would not be absolutely disastrous, whereas monochromes might be trusted to change "all over," or might be executed in colors of proved trustworthiness.

I offer the theory for what it is worth. Such as it is, it has in favor of it the fact that William Morris, Burne-Jones's staunch friend and trusted adviser, was, as we know, much given to the study of materials of all kinds. It is possible that the habit of using colors of a certain class and key, formed in the desire for stability, may have become a second nature. I must confess that in some cases—for example, the "Sea Nymph" of 1880, or the replica of the "Depths of the Sea" of 1887—when Burne-Jones attempted to strike a brighter note he was not wholly successful. He seemed at times to miss, at the best, absolute harmony, and, at the worst, to deteriorate almost into garishness, as if he had forgotten some of his old skill. That this was not always the case such a masterpiece of color as the "King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid" (1880-84) might go to show.

On the other hand, advancing years—which, as a rule, bring no greatly increased love of things right, whether colors or what not—or even possibly a modification of the visual powers, may have worked the change. I believe that much of the change in Millais' technique, to give but one other instance, was brought about in some

such manner as this. Be that as it may, the change is very observable, and I think it can scarcely be considered to be due to outward influences.

Without doubt Burne-Jones owed to Morris, among many other things, his constant tendency to attempt new methods of what is called decorative art. Besides such more or less unsuccessful attempts as the "Perseus" subject, in which figures in gold and silver were set upon a background of painted panels, he executed work in *gesso*, designed, and sometimes modelled, monumental tablets in various metals and painted piano-cases. His designs for tapestry, executed by Morris & Co., are, of course, well known. Those for stained glass I have already mentioned. To these must be added his drawings for the Kelmscott Press series, drawings to which he devoted his Sunday mornings for many years. A mere catalogue of all these works would occupy a considerable space.

Another department of his art which is of almost as great importance as any is formed by his studies. In these he sometimes reached an absolutely wonderful level of attainment. Studies of drapery, of armor, of children, of heads of men and women, and of the hundred and one things that there are to study, seem to flit into one's memory as one thinks of "A Study by Sir E. Burne-Jones." Take those in pencil for the "Masque of Cupid," the "Studies of Armor," which were exhibited at the Burne-Jones Exhibition at the New Gallery; or, again, the pencil head of Paderewski. It would be difficult to find drawing as accurate in the artist's finished works. Indeed, in some of them, he shows a sense of style and exercises a power over the emotions than not even Michael Angelo's studies can surpass.

It is difficult—nay, almost impossible—to define, with any approach to scien-

tific accuracy, what were the distinguishing characteristics of Burne-Jones's work as a whole, so unequal and apparently unrelated were his successive works. He dissolved and amalgamated in the crucible of his individuality styles as opposed to each other as the Romanesque, the Medieval and the Renaissance. Archaic his work was not, yet it was even less modern. He gave his life to the search for beauty, and he seemed to find it in every age, but never in the hours that were passing.

All his reading, as far as it effected his art, was that of the days before us; he loved the old myths with a passionate devotion, and gave his thoughts to the heroes of the "Nibelungenlied," the "Morte d'Arthur," and Chaucer. Doubtless, if Borrow's luckless translations from Daffyd ab Gwyllym had ever seen the light, Burne-Jones and Morris would have pored over them as they did over Meinhold.

Burne-Jones has been acclaimed as the ideal illustrator of Chaucer. He certainly caught a part of his spirit, and, plastically, hymned as Chaucer did that season of "soote schoweres," when the fevers and unrests of love fall upon us.

Spring am I, too soft of heart  
Much to speak ere I depart,  
Ask the summertide to prove  
The abundance of my love,

wrote Morris beneath his friend's portrayal of Spring.

But he does not catch the lustiness of Chaucer—the infectious brightness, the sturdy Philistinism of the master. He has no Diana like the goddess of Palamon and Arcite, nor in the procession of his knights does there ride a Sir Balen. Nor, indeed, has his Sir Tristan, like the knight of Thomas Douce, "a barbour reddie, his chinne it was rowe."

Burne-Jones's men are of a race akin

to their author's. They are lithe, listless, pensively amorous, and somewhat blackavised—I have in my mind the knight of the "Chant d'Amour"—but they are in no way effeminate. They are of that type that the biglimbed, fair-haired hard-hitter deems of the carpet until he comes to try conclusions with them. Then, as like as not, they bring into play a delicate science and a passion that are fatal enough. In fact, they wield a Carpaccio against a Tintoret, and it is the Ruskin that is folled in the end.

When we come to inquire why it was that Burne-Jones failed to interpret the bright quaintness of Chaucer, or even the lustiness of Morris—why, in fact, the artist was called decadent, cloying, unhealthy—we must, of course, avow his aversion for anythingavoring of realism, whether it were the straight-seeing, "healthy-minded" realism of Millais, or the cynical realism of Degas. For him the Pre-Raphaelism of Holman Hunt had no great charm, whereas he paid homage to that in Rossetti's which suggested a departure into less sternly outlined regions. In him there was none of the rough strength nor any of the asceticism of the medieval. What classical feeling he had was rather of the order of "Dares and Dictis" than of Euripides. The hold that his work had upon us was due not to flawless and arresting perfection, but to subtle, clinging frailty. His drawing has been stigmatized as hypocritically faulty; it has been called purposely mannered. But it is assuredly neither the one nor the other. Draughtsmanship is as largely a matter of temperament as of training. Late as Burne-Jones's training began, no man ever worked harder, and had his eye and hand been capable of recording the ideal form flawlessly, he would assuredly have done so. He was sincere in his art; not fanatically or inhumorously, but quietly and

subtly. Unlike Rossetti, he was not instinct with Southern passion; he underwent none of those violent reactions that caused the painter of the "Ecce Ancilla Domini" to jeeringly style it that "blessed white eyesore." But he was none the less able to see that his work was caricaturable, and not infrequently he allowed himself to mock himself.<sup>3</sup>

The face that looks out upon us from the canvas of G. F. Watts's portrait of Burne-Jones is mobile and restless, with eyes very observant, having room in them for a certain twinkle. It was just the unforgetfulness of the humorous side that saved Burne-Jones from the platitudes of his imitators, that drew the line between the work of genius and the banal.

In a work and an age in which the voice of the Anglo-Saxon sounds predominant, Burne-Jones's was a Celtic voice, making itself heard in the

pauses for breath, and at last, by virtue of persistence, making itself heard through the volume of sound. This Celtic element in him seems to me to account for much that would otherwise be a mystery in his work. The Celt has all his qualities—his wit, his persistence, his subtlety, his mysticism, and his vein of fancy; above all, he is assimilative in a peculiar way. It has been pointed out that Mr. George Meredith, another Celt, is more English than many an ale-and-beef-fed country squire: who can put before us a prize-fight or make us hear the guns in a brown October copse as he can? For, even as the "weird chameleon of the past world" reflects colors that are or have been in his surroundings, so do these men of a past age reflect the colors of a past race or a time that seem good to them. Yet the chameleon remains the chameleon—and the artist himself.

*Ford Madox Hueffer.*

*Contemporary Review.*

## THE OMDURMAN VICTORY.

Mahdism is dead at last—slain outright on the field of battle, and "wild cat" to the end. It died as it lived—with the name of God and the Mahdi on its lips; with death-despising front to the foe; with sacred banner held aloft amid the hail of infidel bullets until the last defender fell. Ten thousand eight hundred dead on the ground; sixteen thousand wounded, "crawling down to the river and into the town," besides some hundreds slain in and around the Mahdi's tomb—what a "butcher's bill!" Gordon is avenged with a vengeance. Never in

the whole terrible history of the Mahdist movement have the devoted fanatics fought better than in the last great battle in the south, never better justified the words of their Khalifa that "the men of the Mahdi are men of iron. God gave them a nature to love death. He made it sweeter to them than cool water to the thirsty."

What has there been since Thermopylae finer than the stand of the heroic warriors round the Khalifa's flag? The correspondent of the Standard tells the story. After the charge of the Dervish horsemen, who galloped

<sup>3</sup> Many, out of a number of early letters from Burne-Jones that I possess, are decorated with whimsical sketches caricaturing himself and what-

ever work he happened to have on the easel, and he addressed similar letters to most of his friends in the early days.



to within two hundred yards of the rifles and were annihilated, the Khalifa's infantry advanced. Not disheartened, but incited by the fate of the horsemen, they came on, sweeping along the side of the valley like a seething torrent. It was the last assault, and the Khalifa's banner was borne in the centre of the line. "Shot and shell rattled and hissed from the Maxims and guns on the ridge commanding the valley, making great gaps in the white jebba-clad ranks. A few more rounds; then the Maxims and artillery descended to the plain; and then it was we witnessed an act of devoted courage not easily matched in history or romance. Round the Khalifa's flag, the dark blue *raya* embroidered with pious sentences, there lay a heap of slain warriors, mowed down by our machine guns and rifles. Two alone remained. Khalifa Abdulla had fled. They stood there, each man with a hand on the flagstaff, unharmed, facing the storm of lead and iron. Then one of the two fell, shot through the body. For a moment his grasp on the sacred flag was loosened. Gathering his strength, and raising himself on his knees, he grasped it once more, and so held the colors aloft till death released him from duty. His comrade was left to guard the banner alone. The flagstaff clasped in his left hand, he stood there alone, not making a sign. It was like a figure of stone, with face turned towards the foe. After the din of conflict had ceased, I went over the greater part of the battlefield. I counted no less than thirty corpses lying round the flag. The heroic warrior who was the last to fall lay pierced by a score of bullets."

Such were the men—all honor to them—such they always were, whom England has been fighting for fifteen years; foemen worthy to stand against the best and bravest blood that England or any other nation could show.

Time and again they have shaken a British army with their sheer rush of sword and spear. At Tamai, at McNeill's zereba, at Abu Klea, nothing but superior weapons saved Graham and McNeill and Stewart from the fate of Hicks.

But the swordsmen and spearmen of the Mahdi never learned their lesson. Why should they, while "death was sweeter to them than cool water to the thirsty?" Let the horrors of Mahdism be told—its fanaticism, its cruelty, its bestiality; or the hideous murder of Gordon; or the story of the City of the Dead—that forsaken Nile village of Metemmeh, with its river strand paved with rotting corpses and mouldering bones, men, women and children wiped out by the Khalifa—let all these be told, but with it also let the tale be told of heroism and devotion to a cause such as the world has rarely known. That one man of whom the Standard reporter speaks is forever the incarnation of Mahdism; looking straight at the death-blast of Maxim guns, gathering his strength, raising himself on his knees, and grasping the flag and holding it aloft "until Death released him from duty."

The official detailed account of the Battle of Omdurman will make its appearance in due time, and we shall then know certain matters as to the topography of the battle-field and the successive movements of the troops during the two Dervish attacks—for there were really two battles on the second of September. Just now we are too full of enthusiasm and excitement over the Lancers' charge and the single combats and the crowd of other incidents of that eventful day to make out, or indeed to care exactly, where the battle was fought. "Agaiza," say the correspondents, but there is no such place on the war office map, though "El Gemuala" and "Figiala" seem to suggest themselves as the

spot. It was probably the latter place, or a place between it and the Wady Shamba, that was the battle-field. There, with his left on the river, the gun-boats supporting him and his centre and right bending round in a semicircle, the Sirdar awaited the advance of the Khalifa reported by the cavalry early in the morning. With Napoleon when he saw the English at Waterloo, the Sirdar, when this news was brought to him, might well have exclaimed, "Now I have them!" for in thus coming out to fight, the Dervish host had doomed itself to destruction. The Khalifa must have been badly served by those spies of his of whom we have heard so much. Had they told him of the wide-spread belief among the infidels that the storming of the walls of Omdurman could only be undertaken at great cost of life even after the guns had breached them? Was he aware of the tremendous power of the Maxims and the artillery which the Sirdar had with him? Did quick-firing guns in gun-boats convey any impression to his mind? Probably none of these matters, even if reported by the spies, were properly understood or indeed considered. Mahmud, as the Khalifa knew, had been defeated and crushed when he fought behind entrenchments; and he probably thought it served Mahmud right, because that was not the way that the men of the Mahdi

fight. And so it came about, fortunately for the Sirdar, who, like all good generals, wanted to achieve his object with the minimum of loss, that the thirty thousand fighting men came out to fight in the open and were annihilated. Had even a part of the Khalifa's force entrenched itself at Kerreri, north of Omdurman, and delayed the Sirdar there, or even held the hills, we might not yet have had the news of the fall of Omdurman. Or if the famous wall, a model of which was operated upon at Cairo with the Lyddite shells, had been held to the last, with the Tomb enclosure as a citadel for a final stand, the Sirdar must have had serious trouble, though in any case the end would have been the same. But no; in the open it was to be, with banners to the front, with sword and spear and the battle-cry of the Mahdi. And so it happened that one of the most remarkable "butcher's bills" in the annals of warfare was made out for the inspection of the world, namely:—

British and Egyptian killed,	47
British and Egyptian wounded,	342
	<hr/>
	389
	<hr/>
Dervish killed,	10,800
Dervish wounded,	16,000
	<hr/>
	26,800

*Wentworth Hayshe.*

Saturday Review.

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### PARENS MAGNA VIRORUM.

Not in the shadow of the past,  
Great though that shadow be,  
Shalt thou abide, Mother of Men!  
Thy sons shall turn to thee, and then,  
No fate can be too vast  
For them and thee.

*R. J. Alexander.*

## THE HOME OF THE BLACK DWARF.

Wandering among the hills of Peeblesshire one day in early autumn, I halted by a solitary cottage, far away from the beaten track, to admire the mountains ranged round me in a sort of natural amphitheatre, their purpling sides and deep, dark ravines and the black belts of fir fringing their bases—one of those unexpected picturesque glimpses that reward the pedestrian nowhere more than in Peeblesshire.

Where I stood the glen lay at my feet, the Manor Water, like some tortuous silver snake, winding through the square patches of green and golden grain. Above and around me were the hills, cleft here and there with gorges and scaurs and ravines, flecked with cloud-shadows in all the *chiaroscuro* of an autumn day. Behind me another purpling ridge rose almost sheer above me, with a patch of dusky firs half-way up its side and a bare heath-crowned summit.

Scarcely had I become familiar with the features of natural beauty, when my imagination overleaped a century and I seemed to see the landscape as Sir Walter had seen it—a glen lying east and west, as it does, swept by winter tempests and torrents, cradling thick wreaths of snow and ice in its deep-dented gorges, untouched by the genial hand of cultivation, gaunt, grim, treeless, nothing but bleak moorland. And yet for me his pen had touched all the scene with a deeper beauty than the autumn sun. He had breathed into it just that breath of tender association and romance and beauty, so peculiarly his. A hundred years ago he had toiled up the slope I had just climbed, had stood where I stood, and had found close by, in the little solitary cottage at my side, material round which his poetic fancy had woven itself till the

Black Dwarf took shape and substance to stand out through all time as the central figure in his novel of that name.

I pushed open a wooden gate at my side, crossed a straggling grass pathway, and stood in front of the humble cottage, a plain little square building, with a straggling rose-bush clinging to its whitewashed sides. I crept through the doorway, up one diminutive step and under an arch less than four feet high. It is much as the Black Dwarf left it; there is but a single room, some ten feet by six, within its walls, still thick and solid, as seen by the tiny aperture facing the door and doing duty for a window, and the small shuttered square on the left of the doorway from which the recluse spied his approaching visitors. In the Black Dwarf's day it held a couple of chairs and a deal table, a shelf bearing two cups and platters, and beside the chimney a wooden frame that served him as a bed.

Fresh from the pages of Sir Walter, it was not difficult for me in imagination to endow the building again with its solitary occupant—not difficult to picture him as Scott first saw the materials for Elshender the Recluse, the Wise Wight of Mucklestane Moor, the Black Dwarf. Just tall enough he is to enter with ease his own low doorway; in form crooked, misshapen; his upper proportions those of a middle-sized man, broad-chested, strong-armed, with a head of power; and these all tapering to the feeble extremities of a dwarf, poised on a pair of crooked feet (more like fins than feet) swathed, bandaged out of sight, to hide the horror of the total absence of thighs and legs, and conveying the impression of a continuous kneeling posture. The large features, the hooked nose, the prominent bearded chin, the dark, fierce, vindic-

tive, deep-set eyes, seeming to warn all who looked at them that this lonely misanthrope's hand was against every man, and to make every man's hand involuntarily against him—Scott saw in it all a personality strong enough to be seized upon and reproduced, as none but he could do it.

Here in the solitude of the everlasting hills, like some wounded animal shy of its kind, far from the bustle and din of cities, David Ritchie crept to hide himself. Here he was to be seen, pottering about from morning till night, a remarkable, even repulsive figure, with head-gear resembling nothing so much as a night-cap, a stick spiked at the end (his crutch and weapon of defence in one), "hirpling," as Hobbie Elliot expresses it, "like a hen on a het girdle."

Born some miles from here about the year 1740, the son of a poor slate-quarrier in Stobo, the crippled boy grew up to meet the world with suspicion and hatred. When old enough to learn a trade he went to Edinburgh, where he worked at brush-making; but the scorn and ridicule his remarkable appearance provoked among his fellow-apprentices entered like iron into his sensitive soul. And so it came to pass that, galled and embittered, he was thrown quivering back upon himself till the mind, like the body it inhabited, grew warped and degraded. And so he fled to the kindly cover of Nature and the solitude of the hills, that they might shield him and his deformity from the gaze of men. Nature was more beneficent than man, and gradually the link of sympathy between her and this poor outcast grew strong and ever stronger; and alone and unaided he began to build a place where he might live, safe from the mockery or scorn of the world.

With something of a poet's and an artist's eye, he singled out this spot of beauty, and began with rough, unhewn stones, rolled laboriously from the hill behind him (grey geese, as they were

called), to construct himself a dwelling. With his proud, arrogant nature he selected his site, asking leave of no man; and with his Herculean strength himself heaved the great boulders into place as easily as if each had been a single brick, a layer of stones and a layer of turf alternating. It was no flimsy structure this, such as men build now in cities; the depth and solidity of the walls were a marvel to all who passed by. They were rare in this remote corner of the world, those passing pedestrians, but most of them were touched with sudden pity at witnessing what to them seemed so unequal a struggle—the mighty proportions of the great stones and the feebleness of the builder. By common accord they stopped, the majority of them, to lend a hand. The Dwarf accepted their offices, for the most part grimly, without expression of gratitude, almost without acknowledgment. He would allow them to hoist the stones to their places, directing the while, with the eye of a master-builder, those to be used and the position they were to occupy. He would continue to direct until the once willing workman became restive and overburdened, and finally threw up the job. Then Bowed Davie, with a certain grim humor, would seize and toss up with scarcely an effort what had altogether baffled their strength, and the astonished visitor would realize that somehow he had been made a dupe of; whereat the Dwarf would chuckle to himself, well pleased.

Power—power, natural or supernatural—it was the possession of this he craved. Fate had decreed he should be an Ishmaelite always, and here, by a lucky chance, he could turn the tables on his more favored fellow-creatures.

It is thus that Scott represents him, employed in amateur plastering and building, when Hobbie Elliot and young Earnscliff pass this way and are appalled by what seems to them an ap-

parition of the woods. "And to speak truth and shame the de'il," says the genial Hobbie, later on, when familiarity might have been supposed to rob the Dwarf of a measure of his fearsomeness, "though Elshie's a real honest fallow, yet somegate I would rather take daylight wi' me when I gang to visit him."

But while Davie shunned his fellow-men, with Nature, ever indifferent to the outward form of her children, he held closest communion. He would spend hours together gazing into her face. The stunted body was linked to the soul of a poet and the eye of an artist. With all the fierce force of baffled human affection, he turned to pour out his whole soul in the loving contemplation of her comonest features. One can fancy the Manor Water a keen delight to him at all times. The heath-crowned hills, a pool of limpid water, a common wayside flower, a thicket hedge, one and all to him were mines of inexhaustible joy. Some books he had, strange books for one like him, "Hervey's Meditations Among the Tombs," Shenstone's "Pastorals," Milton's "Paradise Lost." Parts of these he knew; but Nature's book, ever open at fresh pages, he loved the best.

When he had finished his modest home, with its miniature doorway, he took a small piece of the waste ground behind it and enclosed it in a wall whose solidity rivalled those of his cottage; and on this tiny square he lavished the tenderest care that nurse ever bestowed on a cherished nursling. He toiled late and early, dug and planted and watered with unwearying patience, until this patch of wild moorland, like some oasis in the desert, rejoiced and blossomed as a rose.

Davie cultivated roots and fruits, and grew to understand that medicines were made from them, and to discriminate between those good for one disease and those capable of curing others.

By and by the few straggling neighbors for miles round came to know that the Dwarf was learned in alchemy. On the strength of his curing their ailments they braved his fearsome surroundings, and came to consult this strange individual (than whom Hobbie Elliot had never seen anyone "liker a bogle") who, it was whispered, held mysterious dealings with the Old One, that invested him with a supernatural power at once awful and attractive. So it came to be a regular thing (at least when the spirit moved him) for Davie to take up his position on a large stone (the *muckle stane*) close by his door, and there he was waited on as an oracle might be. At other times he gave utterances to his dark sayings from behind the narrow shuttered slit that served him as window. So Scott represents him, surly and inaccessible, when Hobbie comes to consult him in his extremity after Grace Armstrong has been mysteriously kidnapped.

To maintain himself the Dwarf sold these home-made drugs, the produce of his garden and the honey from his bees. This all brought in something, and for the rest, it was thought a small thing in those kindly days for the nearest farmer or proprietor to contribute towards the support of one like Bowed Davie. Indeed, so commonly admitted was Davie's claim on the scattered community, that at the nearest mill there was a bag dedicated to him, and no one buying a sack for himself, but would make a point of dropping a handful into Davie's bag.

But in the midst of this universal charity Davie's spirit was in no danger of being pauperized. No king coming to his own could have accepted with more assurance and less demonstration what came his way; and many a time the benefactor was obliged to retire with the unaccountable sensation that in some mysterious way he had become the benefited.



On metaphorically dark days, when the world had gone wrong, as it were, when he had been hurt or jarred or slighted (and likely as not these predominated in the Dwarf's existence), he would lock himself into his little room, and, like Sister Anne, put his eye to the narrow slit in the shuttered square, and watch to see if anyone were coming. If some unfortunate did come to consult the oracle that day, his welcome was of the gruffest, if indeed his presence were acknowledged at all, the conversation carried on through the closed shutter being, on the Dwarf's part, of the baldest and chilliest nature. If the visitor were armed with an offering (tue uncertain temper of his host made this often assume the shape of a peace-offering), the Dwarf reconnoitred it from his vantage-ground. If his jealous, suspicious temper suspected the article in question to be what an ordinary beggar might have had presented to him, woe betide the giver! If valueless in the Dwarf's critical eyes, it might remain on the big stone, where it had been deposited, unheeded by him. If he judged it worth his acceptance, it was taken without thanks.

He imposed himself on the charity of the public with all the assurance of a potentate levying a tax, and not only for mere chance gifts. Now and again, when the social instinct implanted in man struggled with and triumphed over the unnatural solitude, the hatred of his fellows and the fear of their ridicule, he would emerge from his lonely hut and walk great distances to different farms or houses, where he stopped a night or two if well-treated. But it was essential that he should be treated as an honored guest, not as an ordinary beggar or chance wayfarer, or the fierce, smouldering vindictiveness of the man instantly burst into flame. If insult or even unintentional slight were offered him it was enough to open his floodgates of fury pent up within

the bosom and only waiting to break forth into frenzy. The offence was noted against the offender forever. His feelings would pour forth in such a volley of abuse, of imprecations and invectives as left no doubt in the minds of his hearers as to Davie's sentiments concerning them.

On one of those visiting-tours Davie was informed that the house was full, the spare-room occupied, and that for sleeping-quarters the hay-loft was the best available. The Dwarf received the information in grim silence; but there being nothing for it, he retired to the loft in due course. Next morning, a servant astir outside early was attracted by something moving in an apple-tree. It was the Dwarf, who in tones of offended dignity informed her he had spent the night here in preference to her mistress's hay-loft.

He has commemorated these visits by some scrappy jottings of his own composition. Here are a few brief extracts conveying in his own terse language some idea of his style of thought and conversation.

Next day was at Newby. . . . Held my Hogmanay here. . . . Came in by Hundlesoup, and gaed to Peebles on Hansel Monenday, to see James Ritchie, my friend the piper, and some mae. Saw him; he had been getting mony or hansom, and had been tastin'. Renewed the auld controversy about the earth gaun round; he was clean against it, I was for't. He spak muckle to the purpose, but I spak mair. "Hout," says I, "James, ye're clean wrang, think a wee." "Faith, deel a bit," says he; "I've lived here this five and fiftie year and Biglesnow's neither up nor down, back nor forret, sin' I cam' til't." I could mak' naething o' him, sae left him to settle accounts wi' the whisky-bottle. He was aye clear for it gaun round, at any rate. Was followed by some damned brush [rubbish] as if I had been a world's wonder—could pour seething lead down through them. Hell'll never be fu' till they're in't. Mony aye got the length of my kent [cudgel].

The Dwarf must have been in his own way an amusing companion, for his visits were somewhat coveted by the country people round. But he was perfectly aware that he was in request, and the house that had offered him a slight, needless to say, had henceforth its days numbered.

It seemed as if vindictiveness and revenge were the natural offspring of his distorted mind. For example, a lady, whose family had long known and been kind to Davie, came to see him one day, bringing a friend with her. The Dwarf, for him, was genial, and led his visitors into the garden where, as a rule, the produce grew and flourished. There happened, however, to be one bed of cabbages completely destroyed by worms. On coming to this the lady, innocent of intent to wound, smiled, and at this unlucky moment her host turned and caught the smile. His whole face instantly underwent a transformation; the slight smile had completely overthrown his balance. He flew into a towering passion amounting to frenzy, made a violent dash at the offending cabbage-bed with his cudgel, and called out in his terrible, rasping, uncouth voice, that surely was like nothing human, "I hate the worms, for they mock me!" On other occasions, with provocation as slight, he would turn his visitors out of the garden by force.

In 1802 the hut he had built with so much labor fell into disrepair, and the proprietor, on whose ground Davie had selected his site, very good-naturedly sent men to re-erect it, substituting a slated roof for the original thatched one. As master-builder and clerk of the works the Dwarf was no doubt in his element, ordering and arranging, perhaps hectoring and tyrannizing over those whom for the nonce fate had constituted his underlings. All this he accepted in his usual spirit, grimly, without expression of gratitude, as a right—a right that by common consent was

accorded him, so well had he succeeded in holding his own, this alert, suspicious, jealous nature so quick to take offence, and, once offended, harboring the spirit of vindictiveness and revenge to the end.

It was in the time of the old cottage, in 1797, that Scott, staying in the neighborhood, was taken by his host to pay the Dwarf a visit as a curiosity. He was then a young man. By some strange, unexplained magnetism Davie took a fancy to him, if he could have been said ever to take to anyone. Did he recognize a mind above the common, or because Scott's lameness made him physically imperfect, did that lessen the immeasurable distance that to the Dwarf's distorted fancy yawned between him and the rest of humanity? But indeed did not everybody who met him come under the spell of Sir Walter?

However it was with Davie, the visit made a deep impression on Scott. He entered the low room, and the Dwarf locked and double-locked the door in a way that somehow added to the strange effect of his surroundings and his own gruesome personality.

"Ha'e ye ony po'er?" suddenly burst out the Dwarf, fixing him with his fierce, dark eyes and seizing him by the wrist, speaking in his rasping, uncouth jargon, with perhaps a horrible accompaniment of laugh and grimace, enough to make one's flesh creep. Scott replied that he had no supernatural power. To enhance the effect of the situation, at this moment a black cat jumped on to the floor from a shelf. "He has po'er," exclaimed the Dwarf, pointing at the animal with a horrible chuckle. The story goes that, when released from his imprisonment, Scott was pale and agitated, his uppermost sensation being one of intense relief, as when we emerge into pure daylight and sunshine after some vitiated underground atmosphere. But how powerfully Scott was moved,

what a strong grip of his imagination Bowed Davie's personality took, no one who has read "*The Black Dwarf*" can fail to see.

As the years passed in the monotony and seclusion of such a life, age and decrepitude made the recluse yet more bowed and twisted, while the mind became more misanthropical, more galled, more bitter. Scott, with the tenderness that ever characterizes his genius, has softened the hard heart, mellowed the poor warped nature, even put tears into the fierce, vindictive eyes, as Sir Edward Mauley bids good-bye to Isabella at her mother's tomb. But if the original ever underwent this mellowing process, tradition does not say. It is but too probable that, as the years passed, the hard crust of antipathy to his fellow-creatures, of fierce resentment against Providence that he should have been singled out as a target for men's scorn, grew apace. There is something infinitely pathetic in tracing the stunting and warping of what might have been a fine, even a sensitive nature by this that men call accident. One of coarser mould might have survived the shock; it is the most delicately constructed machinery that is aptest to get out of gear. From his quaint old Scotch diary we learn something of the writhings of his morbid mind under insult or neglect; and most pitiful is this introduction, so to speak, to the inner sanctuary of the misanthrope's mind.

At the beginning of the present century, in 1811, the Black Dwarf died, and after his death a sum of £20 was found hidden away in his cottage. He had always said that he would not be buried among what he called the common rubbish in the churchyard, and with grim irony he announced the reason; he would not have the clods clapped down upon him "by such a fellow as Jock Somerville, the bellman,"

Jock being presumably one of his pet aversions. With a touch of romance that was rarely absent from him, and with an ambition that would have done credit to some old Norse king, or ancient Highland chief, who coveted a grave where he might wrap himself in impenetrable solitude, he selected the purple crest of the mountain that towered above the scene of his earthly dwelling for his last resting-place. There he wished to sleep, far from human ken, in the solitude of Nature and Nature's God.

But whether he altered his mind before the end, or whether his wishes were disregarded, his characteristic desire was never carried out. We had but to turn from his cottage and stroll down the slope we had ascended, and in the tiny hamlet of Kirkton, in the quaint little churchyard of Manor, we discovered the Black Dwarf's grave, over which was erected half a century ago a plain tombstone with name and date. And it is due perhaps to the same kindly hands that one slender mountain-ash should cast its shadow on the low green mound. In life he had planted them about his dwelling, clinging with childish superstition to the belief that they were a protection against evil spirits. It is somewhat touching to find that, while encouraging the stories that credited him with supernatural power, shrewdly suspecting that they increased his influence in the glen, he himself was beset with a similar weakness.

In winter the winds, as they sweep the glen, rage and howl above his tomb; many of the surrounding stones that front the east are propped with iron bars. But the autumn was at its brightest as I looked upon it. The sigh of the breeze and the sound of the wimpling burn mingled in my ears, and the western sun shot its long slanting rays on these words: "In memory of David Ritchie, the original of the

Black Dwarf, died 1811. Erected by W. and R. Chambers, 1845."

Every outward sign and symbol seemed to give assurance of peace at last. The Black Dwarf had entered on his rest. He had penetrated that mystery whose brooding form had overshadowed all his life with bitter-

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ness and pain. It was as if the stillness and the sunshine, all the common things of Nature, seemed to say that the poor tempest-tossed bark, through turbulent seas and cross-currents, through shoals and quicksands, had reached port at last.

A. Fraser Robertson.

### THE SLEEPING HOMES OF ANIMALS.

As animals' beds are almost the only pieces of furniture which they construct, so their sleeping places or bedrooms represent most nearly their notion of "home." The place selected to pass the hours of sleep, whether by night or day, is more often than not devoid of any efforts at construction. It is chosen for some qualities which strike the owner as suitable for rest and quiet, and from that moment it arouses in the animal mind some part of the human sentiment which we know as "the love of home." This association of ideas with their sleeping places is entirely distinct from the so-called "homing instinct," or sense of direction. It is a sentiment, not a mental process, and is exhibited by creatures which are not commonly credited with memory or the power of thought. Some butterflies, for example, return regularly to the same place to sleep, and their proverbial flightiness does not prevent them from entertaining the sentiment of home. The first vindication of butterfly memory was occasioned by the regularity with which a small butterfly named *Precis Iphita* returned to sleep in a veranda of a musical club at Manghasar, in the Dutch East India Islands. Mr. C. Piepers, a member of the Dutch Entomological Society, noticed that this butterfly returned to the same place on

the ceiling during the evening. In the day it was absent, but at nightfall, in spite of the brilliant illumination of the veranda, it was again sleeping in the same spot. "It was not to be found in the daytime, being probably absent on business," writes Mr. Piepers; "but as civilization has not advanced so far in Manghasar that it is there considered necessary to drive away every harmless creature which ventures into a human dwelling, I had the pleasure of admiring the memory of this butterfly for six consecutive nights. Then some accident probably befell it, for I never saw any trace of it again."

It is difficult to imagine a spot with less domestic features to adorn the home than a piece of the bare ceiling of a tropical veranda; but the attachment of animals to their chosen sleeping place must rest on some preference quite clear to their own consciousness, though not evident to us. In some instances the ground of choice is intelligible. Many of the small blue British butterflies have greyish spotted backs to their wings. At night they fly regularly to sheltered corners on the chalk downs where they live, alight head downwards on the tops of the grasses which there flourish, and closing and lowering their wings as far as possible, look exactly like a seed-head on the

grasses. If the night is cold they creep down the stem and sleep in shelter among the thick lower growth of grass. The habits of birds in regard to sleep are very unlike, some being extremely solicitous to be in bed in good time, while others are awake and about all night. But among the former the sleeping-place is the true home, the *domus et penetralia*. It has nothing necessarily in common with the nest, and birds, like some other animals and many human beings, often prefer complete isolation at this time. They want a bedroom to themselves. Sparrows, which appear to go to roost in companies, and sometimes do so, after a vast amount of talk and fuss, do not rest cuddled up against one another, like starlings or chickens, but have private holes and corners to sleep in. They are fond of sleeping in the sides of straw-ricks, but each sparrow has its own little hollow among the straws, just as each of a flock of sleeping larks makes its own "cubicle" on the ground. A London sparrow for two years occupied a sleeping home almost as bare of furniture as the ceiling which the East Indian butterfly frequented. It came every night in winter to sleep on a narrow ledge under the portico of a house in Onslow Square. Above was the bare white-washed top of the portico, there were no cosy corners, and at eighteen inches from the sparrow was the gas-lit portico lamp. There every evening it slept, and guests leaving the house seldom failed to look up and see the little bird fast asleep in its enormous white bedroom. Its regular return during two winters is evidence that it regarded this as its home; but why did it choose this particular portico in place of a hundred others in the same square?

It is a "far cry" from South Kensington to the Southern cliffs; but the same sense of home which brought the sparrow back nightly to his London

portico brings the cormorants and the falcons to the same spot in the same precipice, year after year, in the Culver Cliffs. There is a certain vaulted niche, in which the peregrine falcons sleep, winter and summer, in the white wall of the precipice, and every night at dusk the cormorants fly in to sleep on their special shelves and pedestals on another portion of the cliff. They come to these few square yards of perpendicular chalk, three hundred feet above the surge, as constantly as the fishermen return to their cottages at the Foreland. They regard this sleeping place as their fixed and certain home, where, safe from gun, cragsman or cliff-fox, they can sleep till sunrise sends them hungry to their business of fishing. But of all animal sleeping places, caves and caverns are most remarkable for ancient and distinguished habitation. Like prehistoric man, the animals alike of past ages and of the present hour have made caves their bedrooms, and that they regard these in the light of home is almost certain, for they return to die there. Whether the last English rhinoceros slept in the Derbyshire cave where his bones were found can only be matter of conjecture. But caves are the natural sleeping places of nearly all nocturnal creatures, which need by day protection from enemies, and from the disturbing light. Hollow trees serve the smaller creatures. But the great caves, especially those of the tropical forest, whether on the Orinoco, or in Central America, or the Indian Archipelago, or in prehistoric Kentucky, have been the sleeping places of millions of creatures from the remotest ages of the earth. There sleep the legions of the bats; there the "dragons" and monsters of old dreamed evil dreams after undigested surfeits of marsupial prey or of prehistoric fish from vanished seas; and there the wolf, the bear, the panther



and the giant snake still sleep away the hours of day.

Other animals, in place of seeking and maintaining a private bedroom, prefer to sleep together in companies. Aristotle's remark that "carefulness is least in that which is common to most" holds good of these communal sleeping places. Even clever creatures like pigs and domestic ducks have no "home" and no permanent sleeping quarters. Like the Australian black who, when presented with a house, pointed out the peculiar advantages offered by square buildings, because they always offered a wall to sleep against, *outside*, whichever way the wind blew, they have to shift their quarters according to the weather. With these limitations, pigs are extremely clever in choosing sleeping quarters. The wave of heat during the second week of August was preceded by two days of very low temperature and rain. In a row of model pigstys, during these cold days, nothing was visible but a large, flat heap of straw in each. This straw was "stuffed" with little pigs, all lying like sardines in a box, keeping each other warm, and perfectly invisible, with the straw for a blanket. Then came the heat, and some hundred swine were let loose in a paddock. By noon the whole herd were lying in the shadow of a large oak, every pig being fast asleep, close together in the shade circle. In another meadow two flocks of Aylesbury ducks were also fast asleep in the grass, in the shadow of the oaks. But social animals, which live in herds and often move considerable distances in search of their daily food, are known to resort to fixed sleeping places on occasion. Among the wildest and least accessible creatures of the Old World are the wild sheep. Hunters in the Atlas Mountains commonly find chambers in

the rocks which the aoudads, or Barbary wild sheep, use to sleep in. Some are occupied by a single ram, others are used by small herds of five or six, or an old sheep with her lamb. The ovine scent, so strong near domestic sheepfolds, always clings to these rock chambers of the wild sheep. The "big horn" of the Rocky Mountains is also found in holes in the hills, but these are believed to be made by the sheep eating salt-impregnated clay, until they burrow into the hill. They may be "bolted" from these holes like rabbits. Even park deer sometimes occupy bedrooms. In one old deer park in Suffolk some of the giant trees show hollow, half-decayed roots above ground, like miniature caves. Into these the young deer used to creep in hot weather, when the flies were troublesome, and lie hidden and cool.

Fish, which not only need sleep like other creatures, but yawn when drowsy, and exhibit quite recognizable signs of somnolence, sometimes seek a quiet chamber to slumber in. This is obvious to anyone who will watch the behavior of certain rock-haunting species at any good aquarium. The "lump-suckers," conger-eels and rock-fish will retire into a cave in the grotto provided for them, and there go fast asleep; though as their eyes are open their "exposition of sleep" is only proved by the absence of movement, and neglect of any food which comes in their reach. Their comparative safety from attack when asleep in open water may be due to the sensitiveness of their bodies to any movement in the water. But pike are easily snared when asleep, probably because, being the tyrants of the waters themselves, they have less of the "sleeping senses" possessed by most animals which go in fear of their lives from hereditary enemies.

## SOME NOTES ON DICKENS.

Dickens is a writer so singular, or rather so unique, that we always welcome a sincere and careful commentary on this popular master. Such a commentary, of the highest interest, is offered by Mr. George Gissing in his "Charles Dickens" (Blackie & Son). One would be glad to see this excellent volume published uniform with a new set of Dickens's works. Mr. Gissing, as far as I have read his own novels, is a "realist;" that is, one of the "idealists" who select and present the more disagreeable facts of life. Every artist, whether he knows it or not, is obliged to be an idealist. He has his theory of life as a whole, his idea, and he sets it forth in a set of selected observations. Nobody can display the whole of life in a work of art, "nobody can compete with life." Everybody must select, and he selects in accordance with his temperament, his theory, and his idea of the nature and limits of his art. Mr. Gissing, I believe, mainly selects unhappy things, and pushes to unhappy conclusions. Dickens, with plenty of squalid fact, adds abundance of cheerful details. He converts naughty people as rapidly as Shakespeare does, has a Shakespearian tolerance of rogues—Mr. Jingle or Paroles—and of two possible conclusions prefers the less probable, the "happy ending." His conventions are not Mr. Gissing's conventions; his idealism is not Mr. Gissing's idealism.

Thus Bill Sikes, Nancy, the Dodger, do not offend the modest ear in their language. They never employ those words, mostly beginning with B or D, into which an uneducated love of emphasis commonly hurries the unrefined. Perhaps a realist would crowd his pages with the naughty words of Nancy and the Dodger. This expedient the

realist would call "art." But it would be no more "art" than is real water, or a real cab, or the real horses of "Cy-rano" on the stage. We know very well what kind of terms Mr. Sikes actually employed. They may be left, as by Dickens, to our memory or fancy. An appendix full of oaths and obscenities *au naturel* might be added, though rather a luxury than a necessity.

One might have expected Mr. Gissing to be severe, in the modern way, on Dickens's failings. How cowardly not to make Mr. Sikes swear, "just like himself!" How foolish that pandering to public frivolity which makes Mr. Micawber prosper and punishes Mr. Pecksniff beyond the probable! But Mr. Gissing is *not* severe. He sees, but declines to chastise with scorn, these failings of the master. He notes the tipping of the Pickwickians; very wrong, of course, but to be taken in a sense purely Pickwickian. I do not believe that people ever drank so much, and with such impunity. Our people were not so abandoned to milk punch in the Thirties. The liquor was as symbolical as anything in Maeterlinck. To be sure, it was a survival of our alcoholic traditions—perhaps a legacy of the Restoration.

Mr. Gissing even defends the "reality" of Dickens's characters. Here one can hardly follow him, or not always. Where there is "unreality" Mr. Gissing thinks that it arises mainly "from necessities of plot." I would rather attribute it to the essentially fantastic character of Dickens's imagination. Can Mr. Gissing defend the naturalness of Quilp? Dickens invented fantasies, and sought for them in nature. He discovered the real Mr. Venus when he was some way into "Our Mutual Friend," and he simply inserted Venus

just because he was fantastic. So he inserted Mrs. Gamp, an after-thought, into "Chuzzlewit." Mr. Gissing returns lovingly to our dear Sairey, that really Shakespearian masterpiece, whom Aristotle would have applauded. *Voilà enfin de la vraie comédie!* In real life we shrink from Sairey, and condemn her. In fiction we take her to our bosoms. For art is not life, and a "realistic" Sairey, or Squeers, would not be art, any more than is real water on the stage. "In what sense," asks Mr. Gissing, "can this figure in literature be called a copy of the human original?" Why, in the only sense—in the sense of art. The Gamp of actual existence, reflected in art, is Sairey. Art is not life, but a reflection of life under certain pleasurable conditions. Nature never made a Sairey, any more than she ever made a Clytemnestra or a Lady Macbeth. But she strove towards these ends; and art—in the forms of Dickens, Æschylus and Shakespeare—helped her to her aim. Mr. Gissing will find the root of the matter in Mr. Butcher's work on "Aristotle's Theory of Fine Art," including a translation of the "Poetics." Sairey, says Mr. Gissing, is "a sublimation of the essence of Gamp." In the same way Mause Hendrigg is a sublimation of the essence of the Covenanted female. This sublimation is precisely what Aristotle demanded from art. Alice Marlow, on the other hand, in "Little Dorrit," is pure fantasy animated with a "moral purpose," with which art, as Aristotle justly argues, has nothing to do. In creating Miss Marlow, Dickens is the moral *fantaisiste*; in creating Mrs. Gamp he is the artist of genius.

Mr. Gissing chooses Mr. Pecksniff as Dickens's "finest satiric portrait." I confess that, to me, Mr. Pecksniff does not seem to be a "portrait" at all. I don't know what he is, except a thing of beauty and a joy forever. Nobody was ever like Mr. Pecksniff, and

it was a shame to punish him with ferocity, as if he had been a practicable malefactor.

Mr. Gissing is copious on Dickens's many types of the shrew; he takes them more seriously than did the master, and would convert them, not in Dickens's but in Orlick's manner. Perhaps, when married, they were kittens; they grow up into cats, with claws. The distinction is well taken in an epigram by Mr. James Boswell of Auchinleck. About Dickens's boys Mr. Gissing says little, but they are among his best things. Of course I do not reckon Paul Dombey as a boy. Bailey Junior, Pip, David, Traddles, Trab's boy, Young Herbert Pocket, these and others, such as young Master Jellyby at a very early age, when he beat the people who rescued him from the area railings, these really are broths of boys.

As to Dickens regarded as a constructor, as a story-teller, Mr. Gissing is not too severe. "Obviously he sat down with only the vaguest scheme." Too obviously he did. Then his work left him month by month—an impossible system. New ideas occurred; these demanded modifications in what had gone before; but that was already printed, and of the past—not to be recalled, not to be altered. "A great situation must be led up to by careful and skilful foresight in character and event, precisely where his resources always failed him. . . . Demand from him a contrived story, and he yields at once to the very rank and file of novelists." Occasionally he had laid out a scheme, like the fall of the crumbling house in the rather tedious "Little Dorrit," which Mr. Gissing defends. But he had to turn out some twenty-four "numbers;" his initial scheme had not stuff enough to fill the space; he poured into the mould any and all extraneous ideas that crossed his mind, and the result was an amor-

phous mass. "Impossible ever to make changes in the early chapters of a story, however urgently the artist's conscience demanded it; impossible, in Dickens's case, to see mentally as a whole the work on which he was engaged." These defects were inseparable from the system of "numbers" written from month to month, and published when written. Therefore Dickens must always suffer from his method. We are lost in the Ptolemaic cycle and epicycle of his intrigues. Moreover, he is of the stage, stagey, "misled by the footlights," those will-o'-the-wisps. "He saw murder at the end of every vista," murder and mystery. Now he was no Gaboriau; his mysteries rather baffle attention than excite curiosity. He was not a storyteller at all. His best book is "Pickwick," and "Pickwick" is not a story. Probably his second best book is "David Copperfield," and who cares for the story of the mysterious iniquities unmasked by Mr. Micawber, of all unlikely people? The stage and Wilkie Collins misled Dickens, his material method bamboozled him; too often we do not get a chance of seeing him at his best, as himself. How good,

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how unique, how rich his best is, nobody has shown better than Mr. Gissing, from whom, *à priori*, we had expected a different kind of verdict. "This thing" (genius) "cometh not by prayer and fasting, nor by any amount of thinking about art. You have it, or you have it not," says Mr. Gissing, in words of gold. But suppose that "you have it" (which is to the last degree improbable), then by taking example from Dickens you can make more of it. His private circumstances and character hurried him into a maze of "engagements." He was caught into the wheels of the commercial machine. He had to work far too hard and far too fast, and to the injury of his art; for Dickens, as for Sir Walter, "there was no rest but in the woollen." If you "have it," oh, young novelist, learn betimes not to be in a hurry. Now that Mr. Gissing has treated so excellently of Dickens, one hopes that he will go on to Thackeray. And why not to Fielding and Scott? examining them, as here, in their relations to social evolution. But it may be cruel to suggest such an invasion of a novelist's time.

Andrew Lang.

## A POLITE EDUCATION.

(Vide an article, "A Plea for Better Instruction in Manners," in the current "Nineteenth Century.")

In obedience to your instructions, writes our own Prophetic Interviewer, I journeyed to Chesterfield College, where our boys are taught that studied courtesy of manner which, it is now recognized, is a far more necessary part of education than classics or mathematics. I was received by the principal, who took great pains to explain his system to me.

"Yes," he said, in answer to my

questions, "the greatest trouble is taken to ensure that every pupil shall be taught the very best kind of manners. Not only are lectures given daily on deportment and the art of polite conversation, but we see that the principles laid down are carried out even in play-time. In old days the conversation of boys while playing cricket or football used to be disgracefully crude and unpolished, but if you

will kindly accompany me, I think I can show you how we have improved this feature of school-life."

So saying, he led the way to the cricket-ground, where the pupils of Chesterfield College were engaged in the national game. As I approached, one of the batsmen put away a ball through the slips.

"May I enquire, Sir," he asked, addressing the batsman at the other end, "whether in your opinion we should be justified in attempting a run?"

"I fear it is impossible," replied the other, which indeed it was, as by the time these speeches were finished, the ball was in the wicket-keeper's hands. However, both batsmen kept up their wickets, and the captain decided to make a change.

"Smith Minor," he observed, addressing the bowler, "with infinite pain I am compelled to ask you to hand over the ball to Brown."

Smith Minor bowed profoundly, and replied, "My greatest happiness, Sir, is to carry out your commands." And accordingly Brown went on to bowl. Shortly afterwards, one of the batsmen put up an easy chance to point, who, however, failed to hold the ball. "Butterfingers!" screamed a small boy

in the out-field. The principal turned towards him, angrily.

"Go indoors, Sir!" he cried, "and write out two hundred lines for addressing one of your fellow-pupils in that unseemly manner."

Presently a ball struck a batsman's pad.

"How's that?" asked the bowler.

"Johnson!" cried the principal, warningly.

"I mean to say," said the bowler, hastily correcting himself, "may I trouble you for your views as to the respective positions of the batsman's leg and the wicket?"

The principal looked at me for approval. "Wonderful what an improvement our system makes, isn't it?" he said, "and it's so strange that the old barbarous language was tolerated at schools for so many years."

I congratulated him on his success and prepared to leave. As I did so, I noticed for the first time an inscription over the college gateway.

"That," said the principal, "is an adaptation of a motto belonging to one of the schools of the bad old kind. It runs, you see, 'Mannerisms Makyth Prigs.'"

Punch.

### THE CUP OF DEATH.

There is a draught of ease that all shall drink;  
But snatch not, uninvited, at the bowl,  
Athirst to drink the whole.

Touch it, and stop:  
It is the whim of Death his wine be drunk  
Slowly, and drop by drop.

Ye have already tasted: youth is over;  
Stoop to the cup again and ye shall fare  
'Neath duller skies, and bear  
A heavier load.  
Drink on, and ye shall fall, for drowsiness,  
Asleep upon the road.

Margaret Armour.